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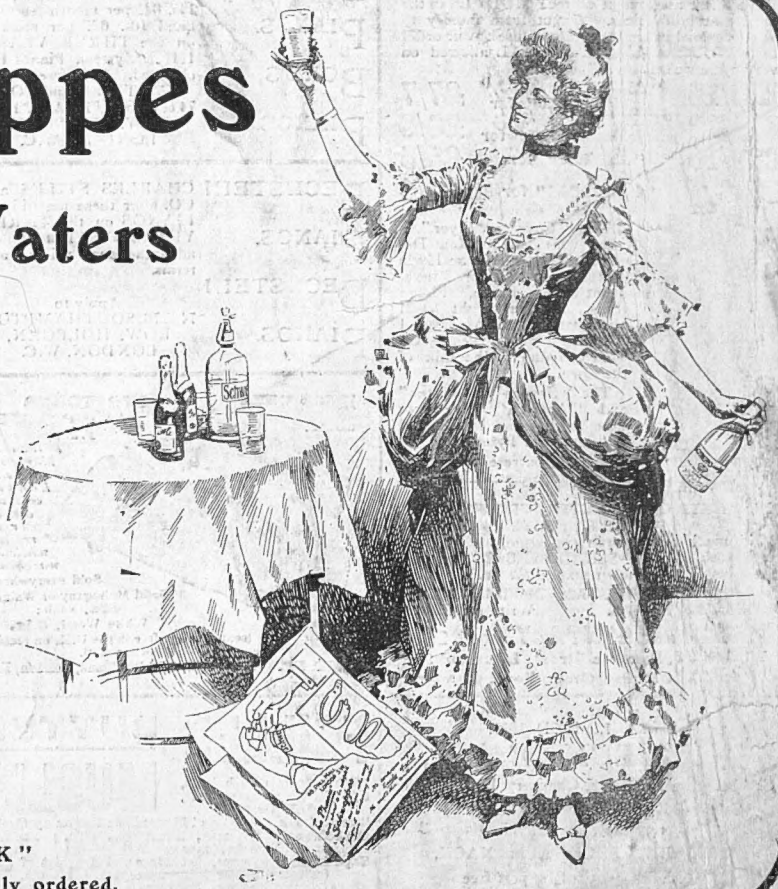

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Photo by *Pragnell*

Lieutenant-Colonel de Lisle, C.B., D.S.O.

The Great Regimental Polo Player

No. 14.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

March 9, 1904

Certainly one of the most remarkable books of modern years has just been published by Mr. John Lane (6*s*.). The effect of Lieutenant Bilse's novel, "Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison," or, to adopt the English title, "Life in a Garrison Town"—will doubtless be far-reaching in German military circles. Nay, even now it is producing results far in excess, I imagine, of what the talented young author in his most sanguine moments ever dared to hope for.

The book shows every indication of having been drafted under the feverish stimulation which only one can experience who *feels* so acutely the biting wrongs of tyranny that he is in a frenzy till they be put right. It is zeal like this which breeds great reforms and great men, which gives birth to a Hampden or a Washington. And this hitherto obscure German lieutenant, who is now paying the price of exposing a reactionary system by a modern martyrdom of six months' imprisonment in the fortress at Metz, has rendered his countrymen an inestimable service, a service which, if they only realise it, should in time to come immortalise his name. In a word, Lieutenant Bilse has ruthlessly torn aside the curtain which has enveloped with mystery that grotesque by-product of civilisation—the German Army—and the Colossus proves to have but feet of clay! The writer has shown the hollowness and the mockery of rampant militarism and worse than that—its ineffectiveness.

In the end every sham must be exposed. It is in the nature of things, for, if this were not so, then shams would be equivalent to genuineness. So in the most relentless manner the writer of "Life in a Garrison Town" has shown us the true side of life in a conscript army. The coarseness it breeds from the highest to the lowest; the insults to which the unfortunate soldiery are subjected and to which they dare not retaliate; the brutality of officers, who recognise no higher power than the army; the aggrandisement of the military at the expense of the civilian—the despised paymaster; the disillusion and discontent—which necessarily follows—when the young recruit realises, as he very soon does, what a vast difference there is between his ardent anticipation and its disappointing realisation. It is then you understand the unnaturalness of forced military service, the sordidness of militarism, and you begin to wonder whether there is not some truth in that oft-whispered report which says that in the event of war more German officers would fall from the weapons of their own side than would be hit by the enemy.

The book deals faithfully, as the title suggests, with life in a garrison town. Of the drinking, immorality, gambling, and such like amenities which take place it is unnecessary to remark. When the policy of a nation is directed to the restriction of a people's free will, forcing citizens to adopt the profession of arms, which, in a great percentage of cases, must be opposed to personal tastes, such a profession must suffer. Whatever a calling may be, so soon as it is nourished thus unnaturally, the result will be found in its ultimate degradation. No nation in the world's history which has enforced conscription but has fallen.

The style of the book is incisive and good. It is, indeed, not only well written, but written in the best manner it is possible for such a work to be; that is to say, it is simply penned, and its very simplicity is the hall mark of its genuineness if any proof of such were needed.

I will cull one extract. It applies, perhaps, to other nations than to Germany alone:

> Must we so increase our army till it finally crushes every other organ of the State?
>
> Were only a part of the colossal sums, which the army swallows up every year, used for other departments of the Empire, it would not be necessary to tax the citizens so out of proportion to their incomes. Then we should become a rich country, the citizens would be well-off; industry, reborn with a new vigour, would advance by leaps and bounds.

So much for the armaments of Europe. The price the world pays for becoming an armed camp is, indeed, heavy, for Germany is not the only nation whose very life blood is being sapped by tremendous demands upon her which she cannot naturally fulfil.

There is, of course, no possibility of denying the truth of this extraordinary book written by the young German cavalry officer. Five of the officers introduced in its pages have had their services since "dispensed" with. At the Court Martial no one denied that the book was truthful. In the Reichstag the Minister of War was forced to admit that the statements contained in the book were true. And, finally, it is said, the Kaiser himself has had his eyes opened at last to the very pernicious customs he encourages in his army—not the least of which is the insensate one of duelling—and intends to instigate reforms. But no reform on a great scale is even possible in a country which glorifies the vocation of war above all peaceful pursuits, and which, I repeat again, refuses freedom to its people, by imposing on them the hateful yoke of conscription. I hope all persons in England who are in favour of the same system will read this book; it may cause them to think.

The Bystander in Parliament

The question of the day at Westminster is—What shall be done with the absentee?—just as it used to be in Ireland. The Government Whips journey each day to the House humming the sad refrain, "We shall meet, but we shall miss them," for the rank and file linger in clubs, or lounge in drawing-rooms. The telephone-wires have shuddered of late because of the messages sent over them by the justly incensed warrior, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood—Chief Whip of the Unionist party. And when at length the laggards arrive they dodge past the austere man even as a little dog, with furtive glance, tries to keep outside the sphere of influence of his master's stick.

Naturally enough the Opposition enjoys the sport, and "the boys" from a neighbouring island make merry with their friends. It is, indeed, a pleasant scene for a Bystander when a British baronet comes in, panting and purple, and, as he mops his polished pate, some unregenerate son of an Irish king puts the searching question, "Where's your pigtail?" It is in vain that the victim snorts—and, indeed, so far as the "whole-hoggers" are concerned, the allusion to the pigtail cannot be considered irrelevant, though obviously it may be regarded as waggish.

It is said that the inner circle of the Cabinet—the select few who are quite distinct from those whom Mr. Balfour once pleasantly and airily dismissed as "the generality of the Cabinet"—are considering ways and means by which to lure the members to the House at the beginning of business. It has been suggested that a good luncheon provided at the House, and paid for out of the Secret Service Fund, might be attractive. The chairman of the Kitchen Committee, Colonel Lockwood, affectionately known to all as "Uncle Mark," would no doubt rise to the occasion, and would spread such tempting dainties as to ensure a full House in more than one sense—but there are obvious objections to the proposal.

Apart from the fact that there would be something suggestive of "rattling the corn-bin" about the scheme, there is the graver objection that the Government would seem to some to have surrendered entirely to the Free Food party, while others would say that this was a policy of Protection against snap divisions. A musical entertainment was considered, but the notion had to be abandoned because of the implacable attitude of the Scottish members, who declared that the bagpipes must on no account be omitted. Thus the more kindly disposed section of the Cabinet, which held to the old dictum that "force is no remedy," had to abandon the enterprise.

The other section proposed stern measures. I believe that their suggestions are still under consideration. I hope I am not guilty of any breach of privilege in announcing that these suggestions include a proposal that late comers be made to stand on a back bench with their faces to the wall, or to write out the Standing Orders in a big round hand. In the case of persistent offenders it is argued that they should be laid on the table as unopposed returns. The notion of employing bloodhounds to track down deserters is favoured by a small, but fierce, minority in the Cabinet, while others advocate underground pneumatic tubes through which the laggards may be shot in desperate emergencies. Of course the scheme could apply only to "burrow" members.

It has been thought in some quarters that all members, whether supporters or opponents of the Government, should be compelled to be regular and punctual in their attendance. In order to ensure this, greater powers should be conferred upon Mr. Speaker. Indeed it might be well if Mr. Gully, immediately after prayers, were to say, or sing, the following form of words to the House:

A Call to Duty.

I.

Should any laggard members—and I don't care who they are—
Come late from lolling at the club, or lounging at the bar,
I'll see they beg for pardon on their knees before I say
"The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

Chorus *(mysterioso—by Front Benchers only)*:
The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day!

II.

I care not if they're English, or Irish, Scotch or Welsh,
Their terribly procrastinating habits I will squelch,
Each member must his Whip's command with promptitude obey
And hear the Clerk proceed to read the Orders of the Day.

Chorus *(Andante moderato—by all members)*:
And hear the Clerk proceed to read the Orders of the Day!

III.

So if a member more than once, is late to reach his place,
When he comes crawling in at last, I'll floor him with the mace,
And when upon the Table his prostrate form they lay,
The Clerk will then proceed to read the Orders of the Day.

Chorus *(fortissimo, tutti—members, strangers, ladies, and Press-men joining in, Speaker waving the mace, and Sergeant-at-Arms brandishing his sword)*:
The Clerk will THEN proceed to read the Orders of the Day!

This ought to have a good effect, and it is to be hoped that nothing more drastic will be needed. I am bound to say, however, that in moments of exasperation the Whips have made dark allusions to the establishment of a compound in Palace Yard, in which the members are to be herded during the sittings of the House. Reasonable facilities for amusement—such as the provision of Blue-books, volumes of Hansard, dominoes, and so forth—would, of course, be provided at the public expense. The Chaplain would also be available for those who wished to consult him. But there would be no leaving the premises without a special permit from the Sergeant at-Arms, and the police would have strict orders to guard against any attempt to carry out the policy of the open door. It remains with the members to decide whether this drastic remedy be applied or not.

S. L. H.

Photo by] **Sir William Harcourt,** [*Haines*

Who, Everyone Regrets to Hear, has just Expressed his Intention of not again Contesting his Seat. Sir William is the Greatest Financier in the House, and One of the Few Remaining Politicians of the Old School

Lady Gifford, Master of Hounds

Few, indeed, are the women who aspire to the glories of that arduous post, to the title rarely borne by them, of Master of the Hounds. Among this small band Lady Gifford stands out prominently. Nor is she content simply to own a pack; like the thorough sportswoman she is, she also, of course, with the assistance of the whippers-in, hunts them herself, with most satisfactory results, too. Universal opinion declares hers to be the best pack that is under feminine management, and, as there are several other hunting women who also are entitled to be called Masters, the praise is not small. At first, her ladyship's harriers were kennelled at Hesleyside, Bellingham, and in Northumberland they gave the hunt excellent sport for three seasons. They are now located at Old Park, near Chichester, and have taken the place of the Duke of Richmond's Goodwood pack. Lady Gifford hunts them twice a week, their "beat" being about nine miles around Chichester, over a country affording a sufficient variety, ditches not a few, plough land, and woodland, and grass land all being traversed within the centre over which they chase their quarry.

Lord Morpeth

The new Member for South Birmingham, who has created a little diversion in the run of the recent by-elections by being returned as a "whole-hog" Tariff Reformer, had certainly earned his allotment of one of the safest seats in his Party's gift. Though he is but thirty-seven, Lord Morpeth has wooed the Unionist voter three times before: at Chester-le-Street in 1895, in the Hexham Division in 1900, and lately at Gateshead. Now he is "in," and likely to stay there while Birmingham remains devoted to Mr Chamberlain. His has been for some time a well known figure on Unionist platforms in the North, where

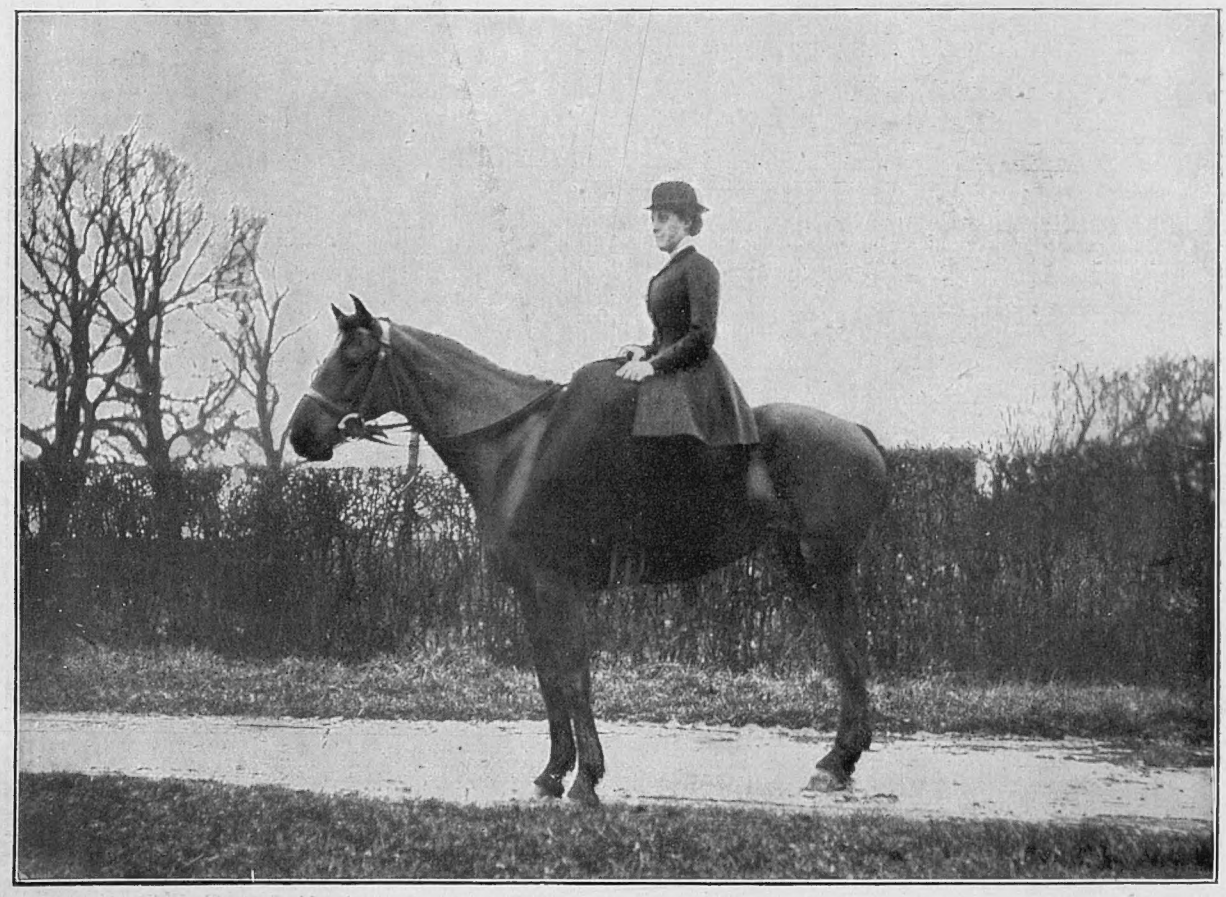


Photo by *Dixon*

Lady Gifford, Master of Hounds

Who successfully hunts her own pack, which has taken the place of the Duke of Richmond's Goodwood Hunt in the Chichester district.

his chief interests lie, for he is a J.P. in Cumberland, and is the son and heir of the ninth Earl of Carlisle. The far from Conservative tendencies of the family have come out in Lord Morpeth in his work on the London School Board, when he sat for some years as a Progressive. He is yet another of the Balliol men "coming on" in politics. One of his brothers has stood as a Liberal candidate, another was one of Mr. Chamberlain's private secretaries, and another was killed while riding, as a war correspondent, with the famous charge of the Lancers at Omdurman. His is an active family.

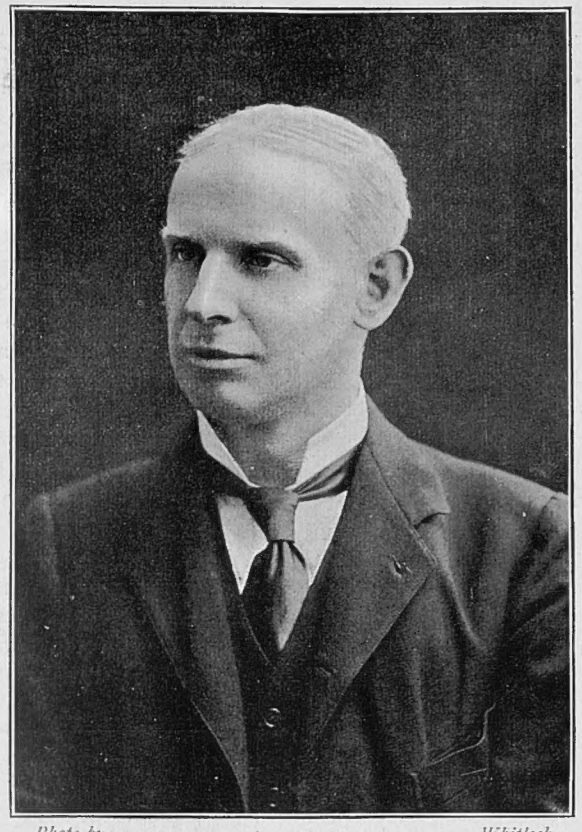


Photo by *Whitlock*

Viscount Morpeth
The New Member for South Birmingham

Lord Ardilaun

The family of Guinness is noted for its munificent generosity toward public objects as much as for the great brewing business which has built up its fortune. Lord Ardilaun, who was Sir Arthur Edward Guinness until 1880, was born sixty-three years ago, the son of a father who restored Dublin Cathedral from a state of ruin at his own cost; an act which was rewarded by a baronetcy. The son is no less generous with his great wealth, though his brother, Lord Iveagh, has taken the lead in this respect. Lord Ardilaun has been Lord Mayor of Dublin and President of the Royal Dublin Society, in addition to representing the city for seven years as a Conservative. He traces his descent from one of the oldest families in Ireland, the earliest record of a Guinness (or M'Ginnis) being that of Art Magennis' proceedings in 1380 A.D.

Lord Iveagh

How to spend one's money to the best practical advantage is a problem which the modern millionaires answer each in his own way. Lord Iveagh's beneficence has taken the form of endowing the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine with £250,000, and of many acts of princely munificence in the interests of the poor of Dublin, including the giving of a quarter of a million for the improvement of housing in one of the worst slums of the city. He is the younger brother of Lord Ardilaun, and was, of course, a member of the great Guinness firm of brewers. He is fifty-six years old,

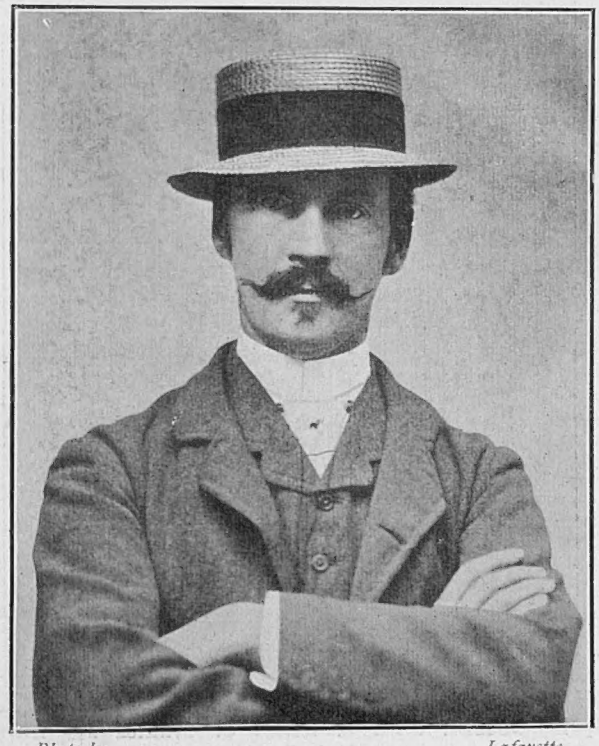


Photo by *Lafayette*

Lord Ardilaun

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lord Iveagh

THE TWO LEADING MEMBERS OF THE GUINNESS FAMILY

Photo by *Newman*

Lady Lyttleton

and has been a peer of the United Kingdom since the New Year List of 1891. He has been for many years prominent and honoured in the municipal life of Dublin, of which city he was High Sheriff in 1876. He is a Knight of St. Patrick, LL.D. of Dublin, and many lesser things.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry de Beauvoir De Lisle, C.B., D.S.O.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry de Beauvoir De Lisle, C.B., D.S.O., is one of the best-known polo players in the Army. He is at present in the 5th Dragoon Guards, "B. P.'s" old regiment, but he began his career in the Durham Light Infantry. From the earliest days of his career—not that he is by any means old now, being only forty this year—he was very keen on the game. Indeed it used to be said of him that when not actually playing polo he would sit on a wooden horse for hours, hitting balls as they were thrown to him and practising every sort of stroke. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Colonal De Lisle is an enthusiastic player and a very hard hitter. Infantry regiments do not, as a rule, turn out very grand polo teams; but Colonel De Lisle, while he was in the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, put together a champion team—one that not a cavalry regiment in India could touch. He used to make expeditions to the Persian frontier in order to buy ponies. These animals, rough and unbroken, he would buy very cheap, bringing them back to his regiment to be turned into first-rate polo ponies. Regiments arriving in India in need of ponies were always anxious to get them from the 2nd Durhams, whose polo club doubtless made something out of the transaction. Colonel De Lisle comes of a Guernsey stock, and his father was a surgeon-major in the army. He joined the Durhams in 1883, gaining his company eight years later. He served with the mounted infantry in the Nile Expedition of 1885-6, was mentioned in despatches, and was created D.S.O. for his services. In the late war in South Africa he commanded the 2nd corps of mounted infantry and was mentioned in despatches, being described by Lord Roberts as "one of the best of the many deserving junior officers (he was a captain at the time) which this war has brought into prominence, and possesses, in a very marked degree, the qualities of resolution, quickness, and daring which are so necessary to the successful leading of mounted men." These qualities have been, no doubt, in a measure developed in the polo field, for all are needed to make a good player. Colonel De Lisle was created C.B. for his services. He has since commanded the 2nd Provisional Regiment of Hussars, until it was disbanded, and was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief during the manœuvres last year.

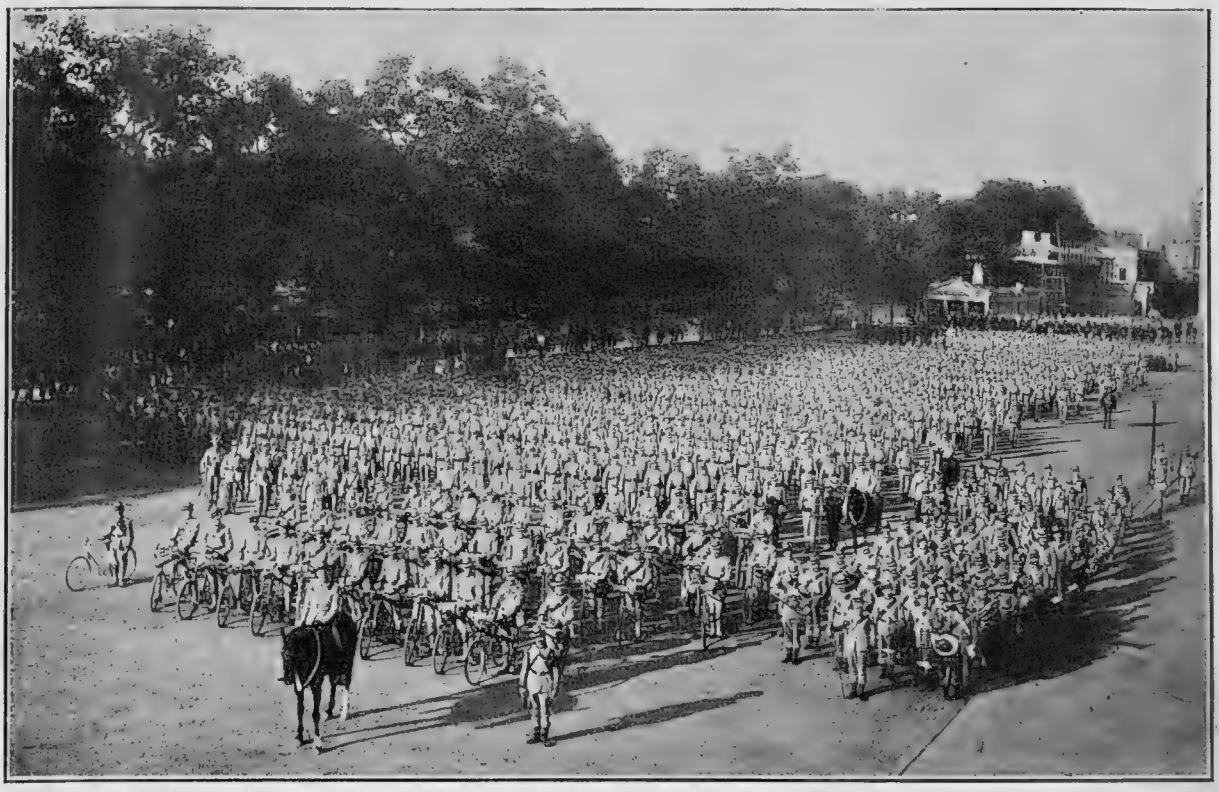
Photo by *Newman*

Lieut.-General the Hon. Neville G. Lyttleton and His Little Daughter

Lieut.-General Lyttleton has lately been recalled from the command of the British Army in South Africa, to take up his appointment on the new Army Council

Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., who Recently Resigned his Command of the Queen's Westminsters

To the regret of everybody connected with the regiment, Colonel Sir Howard Vincent has been compelled to resign his command, owing to the increasing stress of his political duties. For the past twenty years Sir Howard has done everything possible to promote the interests of the Queen's Westminsters, as the splendid efficiency of the men amply testifies. At his request, his second in command, Lieut.-Col. George Trollope, has undertaken to fill the post he leaves vacant



Photos by] **A Review of the Queen's Westminsters** [*Gregory*

In the course of his speech, made at the recent distribution of prizes to the Queen's Westminsters, Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., highly praised the efficiency of this regiment of civilian soldiers, which, he said, was equal in strength to two line battalions. Besides a force of mounted infantry, the Queen's Westminsters have a cycling corps, a skilled signalling detachment, and also the nucleus of a regimental transport. In Mr. Arnold-Forster's own words, they form a real "fighting contribution to the nation"

CAPT. E. TROTTER, who won on "Khalifa II." SIR R. FILMER, on "Blair"

First Race, Lord Manners's Cup (Grenadier Guards): Over the Last Hedge

"Grimsby," Winner of the Coldstream Regimental Challenge Cup, and Mr. C. W. Banbury (owner and rider)

MILITARY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES: GRENADIER AND COLDSTREAM GUARDS

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The Topictator

WANTED
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.
[THE TOWN OF BRAINTREE IN ESSEX IS OVERRUN WITH RATS]

A DAILY PAPER HAS BEEN DISCUSSING THE QUESTION, "HOW SHOULD A GIRL PROPOSE."
WE OFFER THE ABOVE SUGGESTION. THERE WOULD BE NO LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT AND AN ANSWER—ONE WAY OR THE OTHER—IS CERTAIN.

[THE GERMAN PRESS SEEMS BENT ON MAKING ENGLAND RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR.]
"YOU DOT FELLER MIT YOUR FRENDT DER FRENCHMAN TRINKIN' SEE, AIN'T IT? HE DER VAR-CLOUDT ALWAYS RAISES"

DISTRESSED CITY MAN "AND I'VE ONLY JUST GOT MY HEAD ABOVE WATER!"

[THE KING WAS UNSUCCESSFUL AT THE SHIRE HORSE-SHOW]

WITH ONE FOR YOU
AND ONE FOR YE
AND ONE FOR THOU
AND ONE FOR THEE
AND ONE FOR HIM
AND ONE FOR HE
BUT NEVER, NO NEVER,
A ONE FOR ME"

FROM ABROAD

Genoa the Superb

Genoa, where the new Japanese cruisers "come from," is rather out of the way for tourists, but the beauty of its situation and the reminiscences of its ancient glory render a visit there very attractive. Viewed from the harbour, crowded with shipping, for Genoa is the chief commercial city of Italy, the beauty of its situation is striking. The town rises above the brink of the sea in a wide semi-circle, and is backed by lofty hills, blooming with gardens and vineyards. Genoa is as much a city of the balcony as Venice, with the difference that the external perch of tall houses here overlooks arches, narrow streets, and shadowy gardens, redolent of roses and orange blossoms, instead of the windings of the tranquil canal. The old town is a net-work of narrow and steep streets, lined with many-storeyed buildings, but the newer quarters have broad and straight thoroughfares. To the student of art Genoa offers much of interest. The renaissance palaces of the old Genoese nobility surpass in number and magnificence those of any other city in Italy, and, moreover, they are crowded with sculpture, pictures, and antiques. Her lordly palaces won for Genoa the epithet "La Superba," while the matchless beauty of her situation is summed up in the words "Queen of the Mediterranean." In addition to palaces, Genoa boasts a magnificent cathedral, dedicated to San Lorenzo, which was begun in 1110, and restored in 1896, also a number of Gothic churches, containing elaborately decorated interiors, and pictures by Rubens, Titian, and Van Dyck. Both on account of its commercial importance and splendid harbours, the place is strongly fortified, the hills behind bristling with detached forts, which are the headquarters of the fourth army corps. The memory of Genoa's most illustrious citizen, Columbus, is commemorated by several handsome statues. From the climatic point of view, the only drawback to Genoa is occasional raw winds, and sudden changes of temperature.

The Royal Party on the Top of the Khalifa's House, Omdurman

Photos by *Venieris*

The Princess about to Lay the Foundation of the New Stone Church at Khartoum. Waiting the Arrival of the Governor-General, Sir Francis Wingate

Princess Henry of Battenberg with Prince Alexander, Princess Eva, and Prince Leopold of Battenberg, has been making a trip in the Land of the Pharaohs, travelling up the Nile as far as Khartoum

The Old Town from the Back of the River Bisagno

Striking as it is from the sea, Genoa is, in reality, awkwardly built, on irregular, rising ground. The old town especially is a labyrinth of narrow and intricate lanes

Photos by *H. G. Archer*

The Harbour from which the two Cruisers Purchased by Japan Set Sail on their Perilous Journey to the Far East

Their safe arrival there under English officers, and the national rejoicings at the Japanese capital, are matters of very recent history

TWO VIEWS OF GENOA

"Neal's Library," 248 Rue de Rivoli has just Undergone Extensive Alterations

The only Continental house of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, "Neal's," has always been a favourite resort for English and American visitors to Paris. Along the Rue de Rivoli, at any hour of the day, one meets, perhaps, more English people than in any other quarter of Paris. The colonnade, built in Napoleon's time, is a distinctive feature of the streets in this quarter

One of the Tea and Reading Rooms

Afternoon tea at "Neal's" is quite an institution among the English colony in Paris. The tea-rooms are pleasantly situated, the windows looking out on the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries. The reading room, with its unique assortment of English papers, is largely patronised

"NEAL'S LIBRARY," IN PARIS

The Library and Bookstalls at Neal's Library, Paris

All the London daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, and reviews are on sale. Also many American and English provincial publications. Among the weekly illustrated journals, THE BYSTANDER occupies an honourable position on the stall near the right-hand bottom corner of the illustration

The Tsar's Favourite Country Home

Livadia has been called the Russian Balmoral, so devoted are the Tsar and Tsaritsa to this, the most unpretentious of their palaces. Livadia is an Imperial village, entirely composed of splendid villas belonging to various members of the Imperial Family It was there that the Emperor Alexander chose to go when he felt himself struck down with a deadly disease, and there he breathed his last. It was on this melancholy occasion that King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid their memorable visit to this portion of the Crimea, which is said to be, as regards scenery, the loveliest spot in the Emperor's

Livadia, the Tsar's Home in the Crimea

Situated on the Tsar's Estate at Livadia, are two palaces surrounded by magnificent gardens and vineyards. Livadia is comparatively near to the sea, being only thirty miles from the famous harbour of Sebastopol

dominions. The Empress of Russia delights in the place, because it is essentially English as regards comfort and general arrangements. There too, her children enjoy much better health than they do in the large, gloomy palaces of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

London to Paris

Readers of THE BYSTANDER will remember Mr. E. Lander's portrait of a dainty maiden—given as a supplement—entitled "Off to the Riviera." Those fortunate beings who can exchange the rigours of the English spring for the sunny genial lands of the South of France, Italy, Switzerland, etc., will be glad to learn that both the South-Eastern and Brighton Companies are accelerating their boat and train services between London and Paris. The turbine steamers, *Queen* and *Brighton*, here shown, are already the fastest cross-Channel packets, but their times are to be still further reduced, thanks to some improvements in the machinery. In a few weeks' time one will be able to reach Paris from London in six hours and a quarter instead of six hours and fifty minutes as at present. The Northern of France and South-Eastern Railway Companies are arranging a service of trains and boats which will allow of the journey being accomplished in this short space of time. Leaving London at 11 o'clock, passengers will embark on the new turbine steamer *Queen*, which is due to arrive at Calais at 2 o'clock, making the passage in 50 to 55 minutes. Ten minutes after the arrival of the *Queen*, a quick train will leave Calais station and will make the run of 297 kilomètres from Calais to Paris without a stop. The Customs officers will examine the luggage on the train during the journey The present 11 A.M. boat-service from Victoria arrives at Dover at 12.50, Calais at 2.20, and Paris at 6.55. The L.B. & S.C. and Western of France Railways started, on March 1 last (1904), a new service of through carriages both ways between Dieppe and the termini in Paris of the P.L.M. Railway Company, in connection with their day services between London and Paris. The turbine steamer *Brighton* is making splendid running between Newhaven and Dieppe. Recently she established a record, making the passage in 2 hours 59 minutes, or at an average speed of 21½ knots (25 miles) an hour. The famous de Glehn compounds, known as the "Calais Flyers," hold the Continental record for speed being booked to cover the 184·73 miles between Paris and Calais in 3 hours 1 minute; Paris to Amiens is covered at a speed of 63·2 miles an hour; and Amiens to Calais at 59·7. A stop of four minutes has to be made at Amiens for water, the Northern of France Railway having no "pick-up" water troughs. The "Atlantic City Flyers" claim to be the fastest trains on earth. These trains are run by the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading Railway Companies between Camden and Atlanta City. Their time-tables show that daily during the season each line produces a dozen "mile-a-minute" flyers. No trains in the United Kingdom can show speed as fast as these famous "Nord" trains and "Atlantic City Flyers."

The New "Calais Flyer"

The service between Calais and Paris has been considerably accelerated by the new fast train, which attains a speed of 63 miles an hour

The Turbine Steamship "Queen" (Dover to Calais)

The first ocean-going passenger vessel fitted with turbines. The s.s. "Queen" can make 22 knots, and is the fastest vessel on the Channel Ferry

The Turbine Steamship "Brighton" Leaving Newhaven Harbour for Dieppe

The swiftest vessel on this route. Recently she achieved a speed of 21½ knots (25 miles) an hour

Grand Vestibule, on the First Floor. Used for the Reception of Foreign Delegates

Photos by *Zander*

The Chamber

THE NEW UPPER HOUSE OF THE PRUSSIAN DIET

Drawn by *Charles Robinson*

The Spring Campaign in the Land of Shops

Sketches by Our Special Artist at a Field Day "Up West"

CONCERNING "C.-B."

See the Supplement, by Phil May, presented with this number

When, at a crisis of his fortunes—and more particularly of the fortune which he was just then coming into under the will of his maternal uncle—Mr. Henry Campbell increased his name by the addition of that uncle's honourable patronymic of Bannerman, the newly doubled-barrelled gentleman was a mere infant in politics. It happened in 1872, in which year he attained his thirty-sixth birthday. The infant, however, was not without ambitions. Already he had been representing the Stirling Burghs for four years in the House of Commons, and had in 1871 been made Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Having wealth, position, youth, popularity and devotion to politics, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman might have hoped for anything. No doubt he made up his mind to go far; as is the way of the Campbells, to judge from the pages of history—not to mention the pages of Burke, where one may find a good thirty living members of the clan who have made their way to distinction of the kind which Burke exists to chronicle. Yet in those days the prospect of the young Campbell-Bannerman coming to fill the position he occupies to-day must have seemed faint enough. Among his Liberal colleagues of earlier days who are with us still may be named the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Rosebery, Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Leonard Courtney. It is no disrespect to say of Sir Henry, or of any man, that circumstances have been on his side, when we note the competitors he had in the race that has brought him to the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. The Home Rule Split and the retirement of Gladstone in 1894, with the disagreements that followed, made all the difference in the world to Sir H. "C.-B."

It were ungenerous to speak ill of the maternal uncle already mentioned, whose will enjoined upon Mr. Campbell the condition of assuming the additional surname and arms of Bannerman; but really Campbell-Bannerman is a cumbrous thing to write and to say. Prominent politicians who run to more than three syllables run the risk of incurring the powerful animosity of the Parliamentary Sketch writers, who are men with little time to spare; and in a less degree, all the public dislike a long name. The murder of Sir Edmund-Berry Godfrey might have been expected by anyone who understood this; and the vast influence of Pitt and Fox with their respective followers would never have existed if one of these had been called Blennerhasset-Pilkington and the other Kirkpatrick-Prendergast. It is true that the mere brutal pressure of natural necessity has evolved the form "C.-B." for common use in conversation, and even in the lighter vein of political writing; but what leader-writer, with the fate of the Empire trembling at the point of his pen, dare write less than the whole eight syllables of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? That which was done without a thought thirty-two years ago has been a sore thorn in the side of the midnight journalist. On the other hand, it has probably made Liberals of many linotype-operators on piece-work.

But far worse than this mere matter of inconvenience is the reaction which that unfortunate hyphen has had upon the humorists of the Ministerial party. When the split among Liberals began on the question of foreign policy, and Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt both left the party, Sir Henry did his best to keep the split from becoming a gulf; which is one of the things a leader is for. However, it earned him the name of a sitter on the fence, and there began the apparently indestructible life of the joke which turns upon treating Campbell and Bannerman as two persons. Seeing that Sir Henry came down very definitely on one side of the fence at the time of the war, and that his position ever since has grown more and more decided, it might have been supposed that the jest about the hyphen would lose its savour. But it is not so. A political quip dies hard. New witticisms do not go well at meetings of what is called the rank and file of either party. The older the joke the greater the enthusiasm, as a rule.

However, the delicate badinage to which political writers on either side treat the leaders on the other is quite powerless against such men as Sir Henry; for it is one of the best things about him as a leader that he is tough. There can, indeed, be little question that it was, on the whole, an advantage to his party that men with so delicate a sense of what was due to them as Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery did make way for a statesman with a little of Mr. Chamberlain's thickness of skin where political taunts are concerned. That quality, and the quietly dogged way in which Sir Henry has bided his time and waited for the better days that he is now enjoying, probably rank high among those reasons which have brought Mr. Chamberlain to feel that respect for Sir Henry as a leader which he has expressed in private.

The popularity of the genial "C. B.," and his very thorough experience and mastery of Parliamentary business, led to a suggestion of his taking the Speakership when Lord Peel retired. But this his friends would not allow, though he himself desired the office, and his election would have been a certainty. He seemed the one hope of a party which seemed, in those days, fast driving to destruction,

He has held in two Gladstonian Governments the post of Financial Secretary to the War Office. He has been Secretary of the Admiralty, Irish Secretary (for a short space), and twice Secretary for War. He is a man of many fine political talents, among them a very characteristic turn for what Mr. Tim Healy has witheringly called "Scotch jokes." He has done much to bear out Mr. Stead's dictum about him, that "there are few better prescriptions for curing a man of a hereditary predisposition to lethargy than putting him upon the thorny seat of the Leader of the Opposition." And that Opposition owes to him much that will only become apparent as the years go by.

"At the Sign of the Times"

A Young Composer

Students of the History of their own Times will easily recall the name of Herr Darewski, who at Bournemouth the other day—being at the time eight years old, "conducted an orchestra of fifty members through a valse with perfect ease and self-possession." The valse was of his own composing; and, after the performance of it, the young musician said, "'Le Rêve' turned out exactly as I used to think it would when I composed it. I was quite young at that time, you know."

Is Accounted Happy

Happy Herr Darewski! His age—at the date of composition—was as a matter of fact five years, not that that has much to do with his happiness. Prodigious infants do not, I believe, benefit much by their precocity. They get tired before they are in their teens, and, unless their parents keep them at it, arrive at years of discretion without caring twopence for glory. That is natural enough. One cannot conceive the Peckham Fat Boy wanting to lift his father every day of his life. Long before he is ten he will want to rest upon his laurels, even though the public should clamour for him to continue—which is most unlikely. There will be a Fat Girl before then, or a Thin Lad, who threads his mother's needle by crawling through it, or some other young genius who would in any case make the Fat Boy waste with envy.

Not for Having Composed 'Le Reve'

I do not therefore call Herr Darewski happy because he is young, nor even because he conducted an orchestra of fifty members (at Bournemouth) with perfect ease and self-possession. I can conceive another person doing precisely the same thing in that salubrious town without necessarily being otherwise than morose. Why I call him happy is because he was able to say at the end of the performance that his dream turned out exactly as he used to think it would when he composed it. How many of us—at the end of our performances—can say as much about our dreams?

But for Finding the Said Dream

Very few of us, I think. Very few indeed. One has only to look back upon one's own youth to realise it. I for example should be a rat-catcher instead of a journalist. I should combine with the first-named profession the various duties of a fireman and an admiral. I should also keep a large number of smooth-haired guinea-pigs in my bed. You, gentle reader, would be a cowboy who kept a confectioner's shop, and you would only have to wish in order to possess a new bag of marbles and a tame zebra. It would all be very strange and delightful; and if the sanitary inspector ventured to interfere, he would be shot with a repeating rifle. . . .

No Worse, When Performed

I would not be taken to mean that the fulfilling of youthful dreams is the sole way of attaining happiness—or indeed that the fulfilling of any dreams is the sole way. I dreamt, for instance, the other night that I was Editor of the *Times*, and that it had the largest circulation of any ha'penny paper, and that there was no betting news in it, and an "Encyclopædia Britannica" was given away with every copy. Which is absurd. I might be happy enough as Editor of the *Times*, but I certainly should not like to have it on my conscience that I had distributed, or had caused to be distributed—gratis—so many volumes of a work from the tyranny of which I had begun to think we were at last liberated. And what would become of our famous horse-breeders if there were no betting news? And who would buy the *Times* if it were a ha'penny?

Than at the Time of its Composition

No, it is as well that many dreams should go unfulfilled, and even be forgotten. The dreams of military experts are a case in point. As dreams they are pleasant enough. We all like to think that a great battle (planned on a home-made map in the quiet recesses of Upper Tooting—or even between the courses at a quick-lunch restaurant) is about to be fought on the Yalu River; or that a Russian ironclad, which with inconceivable cunning has got through the Kiel Canal and passed Gibraltar, has sunk a couple of English merchantmen off Suez; or that Poland has risen; or that the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg has been given his passport; or that—to be brief—Armageddon has—by a curious coincidence—happened to break out simultaneously with the special edition of an evening newspaper.

Whereas Most People (Including War Office Reformers)

We all like to think these things, because they give us something interesting to think over and talk about. Evenings are apt to be dull, if there is no news. How our wretched forefathers got on without news, it is impossible to imagine. Still, in the morning we are—most of us—thankful to know that these events were dreams. We are not so bloodthirsty a people as the circulation of the sensational press might induce the intelligent foreigner to suppose. We pay our ha'pennies for nightmares—not for facts. And the proof of this is that any man of us would submit to another penny on the income-tax rather than see the world at war.

Are Happiest—it would Seem

If the dreams of our military experts are best forgotten, so are those of our Army Reformers. Army Reformers are not the same as military experts: they are perhaps less military and more expert. At least some of them

are. Mr. Brodrick, I suppose, was not. That is why we have had to forget about his Army Corps—once our proud boast. I forget how many there were. It does not matter now. They served their turn in the comic papers; and the Esquimaux trembled when they thought of them. We have changed all that—if only the comic papers would see it. The Army organisation has been decentralised. There is no reason for supposing that it will shortly be municipalised. There is an old-fashioned prejudice against Borough Councillors and such like which is likely to prevent the local Mayor from taking over—with the public spirit always exhibited by Mayors—the duties of the Major-General. Nor is there any good authority for the statement that Harrods Stores have been invited and have undertaken to provide us with a smart and businesslike Army. Jealousies among the large provision-dealers are likely to prevent any such invitation being issued at any rate for some considerable period.

When Their Dreams are not Performed at all

We must wait, and be content with dreams a little longer. It might be that to have the dream of a perfect War Office fulfilled would make us happier in times of war—would make us happier even in those times of peace which are spent in provoking war. But are we unhappy in dreaming that this winter of our discontent is about to be made glorious summer by this Secretary or that, that Triumvirate or this Committee? I do not think we are—not so unhappy as we should be if we had no Reforms to dream of, no jest left for our buffoons.

MINIMUS.

The Cult of the Japanese

Miss Betty Cavendish, the little daughter of Lady Moyra Cavendish, as a "Geisha"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Letters of Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone." Edited, with a sketch of his life, by Herbert Paul. (Allen: 15*s.* net.)

"Through the Highlands of Siberia." By Major H. G. C. Swayne, R.E. (Rowland Ward: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Present-Day Japan." By Auguste M. Campbell Davidson. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.*)

"Ireland in the New Century." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, K.C.V.O. (Murray: 5*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Jarwick the Prodigal." By Tom Gallon. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Red Leaguers." By Shan F. Bullock. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"A Bush Honeymoon, and other Australian Stories." By Laura M. Palmer Archer. (Fisher Unwin 6*s.*)

A Master of Art

"The Art of James McNeill Whistler." (Bell & Sons).

It is expected nowadays that the person ordinarily interested in art shall appreciate the work of Whistler, but to do so he must possess many not very common qualities. One must be able to promise at least three things in his name—that he has an intuitive sympathy with great work of whatever kind, a love of the arts and life of China and Japan, a knowledge of the Old Masters, and especially an understanding of Velasquez.

Apropos comes simultaneously to hand a volume on "Velasquez" from Messrs. Newnes's "Art Library" with a short biographical note by Mr. A. L. Baldry, and nearly seventy clear and admirable reproductions of the best-known works of the Spanish master, and with it the valuable critical sketch by Mr. T. R. Way and Mr. G. R. Dennis, called "The Art of James McNeill Whistler" (Bell and Sons). The latter will be found to be the most interesting book on a great subject yet published, and perhaps may remain so even after Mrs. Pennell has produced her forthcoming Biography; for, in this case, it is the artist's work, rather than his life, that is of value. Our authors say:

> As a painter, Mr. Whistler stands pre-eminent in three great qualities of colour, tone, and mastery of handling. His great gift of exquisite vision—the power to select and the will to see only what is beautiful in his subject—is as noticeable in his etchings and lithographs as in his paintings. As a colourist, he was not only able to reproduce what he saw in its true colours, if he wished, but to create new harmonies in paint, such as no one before him had imagined.

This is true, for no student of his work can deny that he often snatches a grace beyond the reach of art, and shows that touch of inspiration that, in a moment, makes a genius of what was merely a great artist.

Although, like Hokusai, Whistler's skill increased with his years of devoted study, one of his most perfect pieces of work is that early picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1860, and called "At the Piano." The writers give the following excellent description of the work, which is, of course, in the first manner, with the canvas loaded with paint and endowed with a richness of tone and vigour which has been said to suggest the influence of Tintoret:

> It represents a lady in black—Mrs. (now Lady) Seymour Haden, the painter's sister—seated at a grand piano, while her little daughter, who figures in so many of Mr. Whistler's early etchings, leans against the instrument, and gazes with rapt attention at her mother. Under the piano are some green violin-cases, and behind the player, to the left, is a table, with a blue-and-green bowl on it. The pose of the child is full of grace and charm, and her white dress stands out in strong contrast against the dark brown wood of the piano and the rich red of the carpet; but the perfect tone of the white entirely overcomes any suggestion of violence or harshness, and the wall above the piano is filled in a very satisfactory way with the lower edges of framed pictures hanging on it. The effect of the whole picture is one of great dignity and repose.

In this admirable spirit of appreciation the authors follow the course of their subject's work, and always throw new light upon his brilliant qualities, and add a vast store of discreet and informatory facts to those already known in regard to many of his much talked-of pictures. With so many excellent reproductions as this book holds to remind us of the work of Whistler, it is impossible to read the critical pages of Messrs. Way and Dennis without entering into their wise enthusiasm, and owning, once and for all, the power and grace of this ineffable master.

East is East and West is West, but Whistler had sufficient personality to assimilate the artistic principles and ideals of the Orient without losing his individuality. In the past there was usually a gulf fixed between the etcher and, say, the portrait painter, but Whistler was great enough to join the mastery of both these technical mediums with no less than half a dozen others.

Speaking on the subject of portraits, the painter said:

> The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree or flower or surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this; in portrait painting to

put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features; in arrangement of colours to treat a flower as his key, not as his model.

With this principle always in his mind, it is not surprising to find that his portraits differ essentially from those of his contemporaries, but not so radically from the work by the masters of this branch of art. Velasquez sought the decorative qualities of his sitter, as did Whistler, although the latter was influenced by more Oriental feeling; Holbein avoided the transitory expression as fully as the painter of his mother and Thomas Carlyle; and so one could find qualities in common with Rembrandt, Titian, and the other immortals, if one cared to pursue the subject.

The portraits on which his fame may safely rest can be shortly stated as those of his mother, Miss Alexander, several of Miss Corder and Lady Meux; those of Carlyle, himself, M. Duret, and, perhaps, that of Sir Henry Irving; there are many more as good, but this would be enough.

Although in his day a new power in portraiture, it is in his landscapes, sea and river pictures that Whistler shows the most marked divergence from the work of other men, and it is in his painting of the many harmonies he was the first to see, and the London atmosphere that he was one of the first to appreciate, that he shows his greatest distinction.

Such pictures as the early "Pink and Grey—Chelsea" are strongly and delightfully reminiscent of Japanese art; the introduction of what looks uncommonly like bamboo foliage in the wide plain foreground of the splendid "Nocturne in Blue and Silver, No. 1," is a direct inspiration from Hirosige, to whom Whistler owes very much, and to whom he returned, artistically speaking, a thousandfold. Whistler has taught us to see night and to see London in all their beauty and mystery, and it matters little enough now whose influence helped him to depict the infinite depth of sky, who helped him to know the subtle gradations of colour, and made him understand the avoidance of all detail, which distracts the eye of the onlooker, and leaves confusion where decorative simplicity should reign supreme. We have his works; that is enough.

The "note" of Whistler's work has, of course, always been decoration, and, therefore, it goes without saying that when he turned his mind to the designing of the ornamentation of a room, he was easily first among contemporaries. Here his taste and sympathies were all with the Orient, and the result, as seen in the historic Peacock Room, is finally in favour of that source of inspiration. His efforts both colourful and yet restrained and almost severe, were generally obtained by the simplest means.

Plain distempered walls and painted wood-work (say the authors), Japanese matting on the floor, plain curtains hanging in straight folds; the dining-table covered always with its white cloth, on which were arranged old silver and blue and white china—such were the materials he used in his own homes; and those who were privileged to visit him carried away the memory of rooms as entirely simple in decoration as they were refined and reposeful in effect.

The writers add that it is to be feared that few, if any, of these rooms remain, and that the artist's reputation as a decorator will rest on the masterpiece for

"The Art of James McNeill Whistler"

"At the Piano"

From the painting by Whistler, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860

Mr. Leyland, which it is to be hoped may some day be bought by the nation, but, as a matter of fact, his style and skill affected an enormous number of the younger artists of his period, and the light he set a-going has undoubtedly been handed on and will blaze for him in the sight of future generations.

We regret that we have not space left to write of Whistler in the many other directions in which he was a master, or of his etchings and lithographs, or of him as a draughtsman of the nude, a black-and-white man, and so forth, and, more especially, as a writer. But all these sides of this many-sided, many-gifted man are admirably and critically treated in "The Art of James McNeill Whistler," which we strongly recommend to all those who are interested in the progress of painting, as well as to the others who have yet to feel the charm and thrill of a perfect picture or satisfying piece of decoration. At the present moment, in the International Society's exhibition at the New Gallery there are some half dozen highly interesting examples of work, one of which, we believe, is open for purchase by the Chantrey Trustees.

To the majority of artists, of course, there is no doubt Whistler is a master—

> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,

but, considering his originality and force of character, his bitter tongue and pen, his scorn of fools, and his inclination to occasional folly, it is not surprising that his life was fighting, fighting all the way. No doubt there was happiness for him in this warfare, and his victories were frequent and complete. All civilised nations of the earth honoured him, save England, which he so greatly honoured. But even we, in our poor commercial way, did a little; even in 1891, Glasgow bought his "Carlyle" for £1,000 (the Luxembourg paid only £160 for the "Mother's Portrait") and the authorities of the British Museum Print Room steadily collected his etchings from the first; his earliest admirers and his latest were British. What Ibsen has wrought for the drama of our day, what Rodin has done for sculpture, what Meredith has effected in fiction, Whistler has accomplished in various branches of painting and drawing. He has been greatly admired and immensely followed, but at the moment the important effect his work is bound to produce is not fully felt. For a little while, perhaps, his light is partly obscured, but he will take his place among the high gods:

> So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

E. M.

Books to Appear Shortly

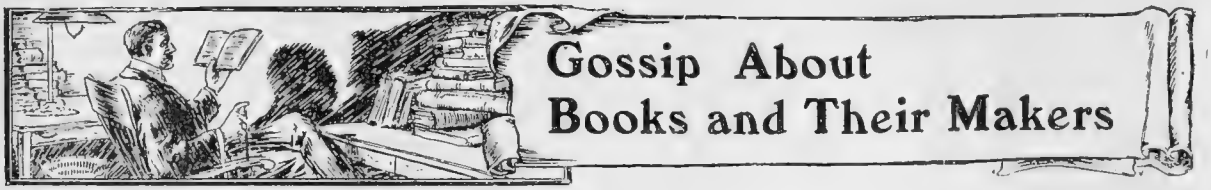
Both Lady Amherst of Hackney and her eldest daughter, Lady William Cecil, have lately taken to authorship, and the result, curiously enough, is a book about Egypt in each case. Lady Amherst's is the more ambitious of the two—"A Sketch of Egyptian History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." The author traces the manners and customs of the ancient and modern Egyptians, follows Christianity from its birth, and describes the recent discoveries concerning the Israelites in Egypt. The history will be published during the spring by Messrs. Methuen. Lady William Cecil's work is a little illustrated book of "Bird Notes from Upper Egypt," and will be issued by Messrs. Constable.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig, whose "Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington" will be published this spring by Messrs. Blackwood, was one of Wellington's officers before he took orders. He was wounded so many times, both in the Peninsula campaign and the American War, that it was little short of miraculous that he not only lived to become Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital and subsequently Chaplain-General to the Forces, but to remain a contributor to *Blackwood's* until Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. In the American War he was with Ross at Bladensburg, and the flag which he captured on that occasion was always suspended from his pulpit in the Hospital Chapel at Chelsea. Gleig enjoyed the friendship of the Iron Duke for many years, and when he brought out his first book, "The Subaltern," his old commander was immensely pleased with it.

A new romance by Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin towards the end of the month. It deals with the days of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and the Emperor himself is introduced. Throughout the book the author breathes a deep sympathy with the oppressed Hebrew race in their unshaken faith in the Eternal Watcher on the Tower, Who keeps guard over His chosen people. Hence the title of the book—"The Watcher on the Tower."

There should be keen competition among the devoted band of literary friends of the late W. E. Henley on Monday next, when his library comes under the remorseless hammer at Sotheby's. Mr. Henley was the maker of many literary reputations, for he had the rare editorial gift of both discovering and inspiring talent. His library is full of reminders of his popularity in the world of letters. One particularly interesting lot is a set of presentation volumes, with an autograph letter, from Mr. George Meredith, the public recognition of whose genius was Mr. Henley's crowning achievement as a critic. There are many presentation volumes, too, from Mr. Kipling, whose "Barrack-Room Ballads" first appeared in *The National Observer*, under Mr. Henley's editorship; and also from Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Sir Gilbert Parker, and other famous authors who were proud to number him among their friends. Most valuable of all, however, is a set of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's works, with a specially printed dedication:

"To William Ernest Henley and Anna his wife. O pulchra filia! O filia aureola! Vale, Vale, et in aetearum . . . !"



Mr. David Christie Murray

The war in the Far East is not likely to have any prejudicial effect on the book market, unless the possibility should appear of Britain's being involved in the trouble; but, meanwhile, any books with a military flavour seem to be in demand, and, although Mr. David Christie Murray's latest novel, "V.C.; A Chronicle of Castle Barfield and of the Crimea," needs no such adventitious aid to commend it to readers, the war interest may, conceivably, tell in its favour. Mr. Christie Murray, whom I heard the other night reciting, with most dramatic effect, the story of the bravest deed he ever saw, looks wonderfully "fit," despite his snowy locks. His is one of the most picturesque figures in the Bohemia of letters, and I think he rather regrets the blight of respectability which has come upon that once delightful land in these days when journalism and authorship have been "elevated" to professional status. Apropos of Mr. Murray's white and ample hair and his Quaker hat, he tells a good story illustrating the ready wit of Cockney youngsters. Alighting hurriedly from a hansom in Fleet Street, he collided with two newspaper boys, and made some quick comment on their being in the way. The youngsters gazed at him for a moment, and when one of them had carefully noted the distinguishing features of the eminent author—the long white hair, the fresh, clean-shaven face, the black velvet coat, and the Puritan hat, he blurted out: "Bill, I'm jiggered if it ain't old Quaker Oats come to life!" Mr. Christie Murray has no superior in the art of telling a story either with the pen or by word of mouth. A novelist whose writings have brought him far more money than ever Mr. Murray has made, said to me some time ago that he considered "Despair's Last Journey" the most powerful novel which had appeared for at least ten years.

Photo by *Winter*

Mr. David Christie Murray

The Poets of Japan

The announcement that we are presently to be favoured with a book of poetry by the Queen of Roumania, who has been long well known to English readers under her pen-name of "Carmen Sylva," reminds one that the Emperor of Japan, and his consort no less, are also noted for their poetical gifts. Of course, in Japan the gentle art of poetry has been a pastime of the *literati* for generations, and doubtless when our rude forefathers dwelt in wattle huts some of the multitudinous ancestors of Mutsuhito were cultivating the muse. The present Emperor is said to have written as many as four thousand couplets in the course of one year, but happily, or otherwise, I cannot say—he has published only a few. Japanese poetry has little resemblance to English verse, but it is remotely to be compared with the Arabic Rubaiyat, each stanza being complete in itself. The only example I can remember at the moment is the swan-song of the great, but little-known, patriot of Japan, Yoshida Torajiro, who was the first far-off pioneer of the new Japan, and who had his head chopped off for his pains. As a fellow-reformer was led out to execution Yoshida repeated a couplet he had composed, while awaiting his turn of the sword:

> "It is better to be a crystal and be broken,
> Than to remain perfect—like a tile on the housetop."

In similes such as this the Japanese poets deal, and it is said that one of the shoguns, or old military dictators was "so extravagantly fond of poetry that any criminal could escape punishment by offering him a stanza." Small wonder that the art of poesy has ever flourished in Japan!

Concerning "Dagonet"

A well-known novelist confessed to me, the other night, that he has never studied, at first hand, Professor Masson's work on Milton, because he had been so prejudiced against it by reading Russell Lowell's trenchant attack before he knew anything of Masson. There can be no doubt that we are biassed unconsciously against certain books by adverse criticisms which we have absorbed before coming to the books themselves; and I feel that the merciless slatings of George R. Sims, which, as a youth, used to delight me in the old *Scots Observer*, make it difficult for me to appreciate the work of "Dagonet," although I am persuaded that he is a writer of far greater power than the "higher critics" of literature would have us believe. I have been reading his new book, "Young Mrs. Caudle," and although it is some distance behind Douglas Jerrold, I have found it bright and amusing for all that. Another book from the same source is to be entitled "Among My Autographs." If he publishes the autograph of Mr. Austin Dobson he will have a remarkable anecdote to relate. For I remember being at a dinner where the two writers met, when Mr. Sims stated that he had first met Mr. Dobson at the office of "Hood's Comic Annual," and that night, thirty years later, he met him for the second time! It is wonderful how, in this busy hive of London, the years slip by, and give no opportunities for workers in the same field to hail each other, even "as ships that pass in the night."

Photo by *Travers*

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan

Mrs. Amelia Barr

It is not a month since I read a new novel by Mrs. Amelia Barr, in which she told a somewhat hysterical story of the Jacobite Rebellion of '45, and laid on her Highland "scenery" with a trowel. Already another novel, by the same writer, is announced for immediate publication, the scene being set in New England of the time with which Hawthorne deals in his immortal romance, "The Scarlet Letter." If this is the rate at which Mrs. Barr is turning out her stories, I can well understand that her popularity is not likely to increase. Some of her earlier books, as, for examples, "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "Feet of Clay," were really admirable in their careful workmanship, but "Thyra Varrick," the Jocobite romance to which I have just referred, is a poor performance, and strangely untrue to Scottish life. Mrs. Barr, however, is now in her seventy-third year, and she has resided so long in America that it is scarcely surprising her Scottish "local colour" has gone wrong. She is a Lancashire lady by birth, but, marrying a Glasgow gentleman, she spent some years in Scotland, and I am afraid that, like all English writers who have essayed the Scottish story, she has never conquered the dialect. I remember one of her Scottish characters being made to say that "it has just clappit nine on the toon clock," but, I am sure, the word "clappit" was never used in such a connection; "chappit" being what Mrs. Barr had heard and remembered incorrectly. This talented authoress had reached the goodly age of fifty before she wrote her first novel; in less than twenty years she has produced close on fifty books!

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan

Another book which I have been reading lately is the work of a lady-novelist, though of one who is just finding her public. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, in her new story, "Devastation," makes no effort at great things; but it is simply because she has set out to do a lesser thing well that she is to be congratulated on the result. This story is as sound a piece of frankly sensational fiction as I have read for some time. If we are to have sensational stories, it is well that they should be decently written, and this is undoubtedly the case with "Devastation." Mrs. Kernahan is no new hand at novel-writing, and all her life she has been associated with literary work and workers. She is related, on her mother's side, to Prescott, the historian, and her father, the late S. G. Gwynne, who was mathematical master at Taunton College, taught his daughter Greek before she learned English, so that her knowledge of the classics is unusual in a lady-novelist and strangely unnecessary, one might suppose, for writing a novel of incident! She was the widow of the late Professor Bettany, a scholar and editor of high repute, and it is rather odd that, when she married Mr. Coulson Kernahan, she became the wife of another author who has followed the late Professor Bettany as literary adviser to the firm of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. Mr. and Mrs. Kernahan live an ideal literary life at "Thrums," their home on the breezy heights of Westcliff-on-Sea. In an early number, I shall have occasion to say something of Mr. Kernahan's latest literary project. J. A. H.

LOW EBB

By

INGLIS ALLEN

It is very peaceful on the Embankment in the golden light of the declining sun. Aground in the mud is a wide-bellied barge with a large red sail surmounted by a small tattered flag. In its stern, with their coatless backs to me, a man and a boy sit together, both smoking pipes. The slanting light strikes them sideways; the boy wears a pink and white striped shirt, the man one of dark red, with a black pattern on it, that might have been made to match the sail. A heap of flower-pot fragments on the wharf makes another patch of red in the scene. Beyond the barge is a narrow strip of sluggish river and another broad margin of gleaming mud. The roar of the distant traffic is muffled almost to a murmur.

A party of small boys wander chattering past, elated at the prospect of a paddle in the liquid ooze. They stop to dislodge some of the flower-pot fragments and throw them over the side between the stone embankment and the barge, where they fall with a plomp, almost covered in the mud. After a time, the man in the red shirt looks round at them with an inert resentment that is plainly mere force of habit, for the fragments, I am certain, are not his, and the boys are in no way interfering with him or his barge.

"Chuck that," he growls mechanically. The boys obey him literally, and pursue their way down the slope to the water's edge with an accelerated pace.

I light a pipe, and, seated alone on the stone coping, enjoy the peace of the scene Suddenly my reveries are disturbed by the introduction into the scene of a new element—music. Advancing from the direction of the High Street are two men, a short, fair man of an exceedingly happy countenance (from him emanates the music) accompanied by a bored friend with a beard. The short man is wearing a sweater, a black tail coat and trousers, and a huge buttonhole, consisting of a rose and a tall piece of fern that nearly touches his left ear; he has evidently resolved to atone for the unmusical stolidity of his companion by singing loud enough for two:

> "I'll sing you a song
> A favourite song
> The song of sweet Biddy Maguire."

At this stage of the ode he espies a sleeping loafer and steers towards him. The bored friend has hailed the man in the barge, and has already, from some distance, begun a conversation with him. The short man reaches the sleeper, and treads genially on his abdomen.

"Wot cheer, cully—'avin a snooze?"

A steam of appalling profanity rises from the recumbent mass. The short man is jovially reproachful.

"Wodyer wanter be so disagreerble for?" he inquires, and then suddenly sees me watching him alone from the coping. He comes forward with delight, and standing in front of me with his hat in one hand and the other stretched to heaven, repeats his choric passage, replaces his hat, and stands surveying me with a happy grin.

"Bill!" he calls.

The bored friend is deep in conversation with the man in the barge, and takes no notice whatsoever, but this does not seem to affect him.

"Jest wait fer me a minute," he calls. "I wanter talk ter this gen'leman."

He seats himself beside me on the coping.

"Sir," he asks, leaning toward me confidentially, "'ave yer got the price of a 'alf-pint on yer?"

Very reprehensibly I swell the national liquor traffic by twopence. My companion seems overcome, not so much with gratitude, as with admiration of a creditable performance of duty.

"Sir," he observes augustly, "you shall have my flar."

He removes the giant rose from his buttonhole, and fixes it impressively in mine. The fern tickles my ear. My friend rolls up his sleeve, and shows me two tattoed girls dancing against a dirty background.

"Done in Burmah, that was," he informs me. "That's where I've bin in my time, Burmah, India, Giberaltar—all over the world—and ter think that I should come ter *this*."

Whatever "this" may be, it seems in no way to affect his present state of extreme cheerfulness. From his seat beside me on the coping he proceeds

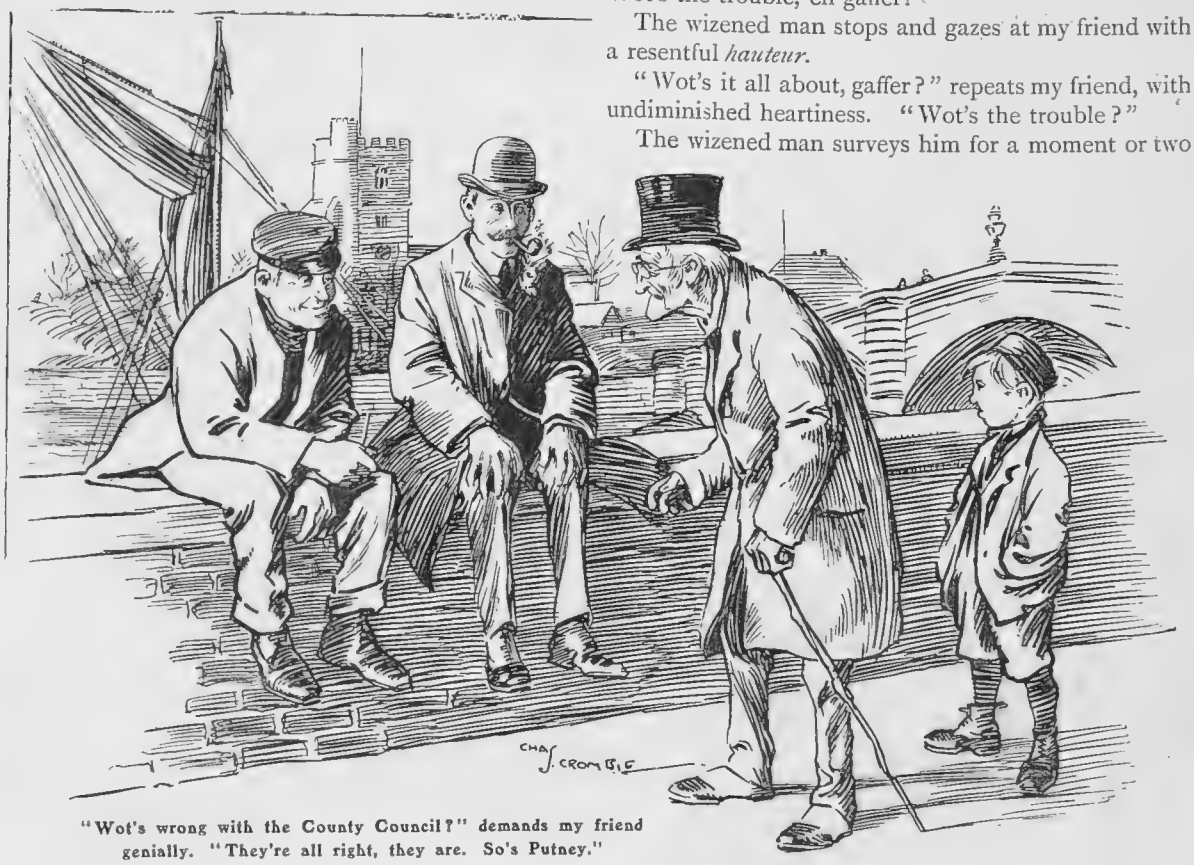
(*All rights reserved*)

to hail passing strangers in terms of the most embarrassing familiarity. In the interval he converses easily on a variety of topics.

"Shall I tell you," he suggests, "'oo ought to 'ave bin playin' in the English team? Mulberry. Young Mulberry of Wandsworth. The best-'earted young feller that ever stepped. Do I know 'im? (I had not asked him.) Do I know 'im well? Do I—nar look 'ere, would yer believe me that I'm tellin' you a lie? Why, I know that young chap as well—as well as I'm a-talking ter you 'ere nar."

There is an interval, while my friend suggests to a passer-by, whom he addresses as "Hedwin," that he should get his hair cut. He turns to me again.

"All over the world, well-nigh," he muses, "and ter think that I should come ter this. . . . D'yer know young Billy Milligan, of the Crown 'Otel?"



"Wot's wrong with the County Council?" demands my friend genially. "They're all right, they are. So's Putney."

I am forced to confess that I have never met the gentleman in question.

"Oh, yes, *you* know 'im, sir," he insists confidently. "Serves over the bar there on Sundays. There's a good-'earted feller for yer. Why, when I sings that song to 'im that I was a-singin' to you just nar, it well nigh breaks 'is 'eart."

I suggest that Mr. Milligan has an ear for music.

"Breaks is 'eart," he repeats. "The song of Biddy Maguire. Yer see 'is *wif.'s* name's Kitty."

He falls to singing again, while I muse on this complex question of sentiment. Suddenly he breaks off.

"What's the matter with the old 'un?" he inquires.

I look up. Advancing towards us is a little wizened elderly man in a seedy top-hat, followed at a distance of about three yards by a stolid small boy in a polo cap. The elderly man, his wizened little countenance stamped with an expression of the most disagreeable peevishness, is admonishing the small boy, pointing as he does so to the paddling urchins below.

"Look at 'em," he complains in an unpleasant, squeaky little voice, "filthy little whelps. Nobody stops it. It's a disgrace to Putney."

His expression becomes more and more peevish as he approaches, his eyes fixed on the offending urchins, whose paddling he seems to regard in the light of a wanton personal affront. The small boy is evidently quite used to his parent, for he wanders after him looking the other way with a perfect unconcern.

"What's the good of the County Council?" wheezes the wizened man. "They don't stop it. Not a soul stops it. Filthy little whelps."

He is about to pass us. But my companion does not mean to be overlooked.

"'Ullo gaffer!" he calls cheerily. "Wot is it, gaffer? Wot's the trouble, eh gaffer?"

The wizened man stops and gazes at my friend with a resentful *hauteur*.

"Wot's it all about, gaffer?" repeats my friend, with undiminished heartiness. "Wot's the trouble?"

The wizened man surveys him for a moment or two in silence. His consciousness of class distinction and his grievance are visibly fighting for the mastery.

"I said," he observes eventually, "that it's a disgrace to Putney. Filthy little whelps."

"They aren't filthy, gaffer," returns my friend. "They're enjoyin' of themselves."

"Filthy little whelps," maintains the wizened man. "It's a disgrace to Putney."

"Putney," returns my friend blithely, "'s a splendid place. Nothin's a disgrace to it."

The wizened man looks firmly at his opponent.

"Disgrace to Putney," he repeats. "Where's the County Council? Nobody stops it."

"Wot's wrong with the County Council?" demands my friend genially. "They're all right, they are. So's Putney."

"The County Council," states the wizened man,

"ought to be ashamed of themselves. It's a disgrace to Putney... Filthy little whelps."

With this ultimatum he moves on, followed indifferently at three yards by the stolid boy.

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" inquires my friend of the latter as he passes; "wot's 'e talkin' abaht, the ole dad?"

"Kroojer," replies the boy symbolically, and wanders on after his parent.

Again we are alone. My companion has become strangely silent. It would seem to me that there is some kind of a movement going on in his brain. Now and again he looks down at the paddlers. I shift my position a little.

"Yes, sir," he murmurs absently, "ter think that I should come ter this."

Again there is silence. Suddenly he rises, and, without a word, makes his way down to the river. The boys, transported beyond all mundane cares by the discovery of a defunct dog, are unaware of his approach. He breaks in upon their joy, the sound of his voice borne distinctly to where I sit.

"Cummereyouboys." The paddlers glance up alertly from their *post-mortem*. They make no move in any direction, but eye the man warily, ready, from long practice, for flight at an instant's notice.

There is a pause; then my friend makes a dart among them, and they flash away like minnows before a jack. One of them stumbles and is captured. My jubilant friend marches him whining up the slope towards the coping.

"Lea' goerme," whines the boy. "I've got ter get 'ome, I 'ave."

My friend reaches the coping and seats himself beside me again. The boy, his shoes and stockings slung round his neck, and his trousers rolled to the top of his muddy little thighs, stands held by the wrist between the man's knees. His companions linger barefooted at a very discreet distance, a mobile column.

"What are yer doin' of?" demands the captive with a whining defiance. "Lea' goerme. I never done nothin' ter you."

My friend indulgently feels the boy's puny little leg between his dirty finger and thumb.

"There's a nice, dirty leg for yer," he observes solemnly.

Suddenly he sees an old pail lying by the coping, and brightens.

"'Ere," he exclaims cheerily to the boy, "go an' fill that there pile an' I'll give y' a bloomin' sluish."

The boy's whine swells to a loud cry at this alarming prospect. My friend repeats his instruction.

"Lea' goerme!" cries the boy loudly. "I've got ter get 'ome, I 'ave. Lea 'goerme!"

My friend regards him thoughtfully. Again there would seem to be some kind of a movement in his brain. Suddenly he gets up, still holding the boy by the wrist.

"Come on!" he cries, "d——d if I don't take yer dahn and give y' a wash!"

With a wild joy he rolls up his trousers above his knee with his disengaged hand, displaying a mass of brown sock and hairy leg. The captive raises a yell of terror.

"I'll wash yer!" shouts my friend, struggling out of his coat. As he does so, he relaxes for a moment his grasp on his captive's wrist, and the boy is off in a flash after the rest of his column, who have instantly mobilised. Coatless and barelegged, my friend rises, and pounds in vain pursuit towards the High Street.

After a time he returns, very red in the face and legs, and seats himself again. He does not trouble to replace his coat or roll down his trousers.

"Burmah—India—Giberaltar," he murmurs.

He seems lost in meditation. I rise to go. He stretches out a grimy hand.

"I'm glad to 'ave met you, sir," he observes kindly. "I'm not wot I used ter be. Ter think I should 'ave come ter this."

I glance back when I reach the bridge. The sun is sinking further and further. The man and the boy in the barge have put on their coats over their bright shirts. The sleeping loafer has disappeared. My friend, still very much *en déshabille*, is making his way with the bored man towards the public-house. Even from where I am I can hear him singing.

It is getting chilly. I button my coat, and something tickles my ear. With another glance at the Embankment, I pocket my buttonhole and look round for a white omnibus.

My friend, still very much *en déshabille*, is making his way with the bored man towards the public house

"COUTTS"

The Romance of a Famous Private Bank

Face of the Lucky Guinea Presented to Mr. Thomas Coutts—

by a Sympathetic Merchant on Account of his Shabbiness, and Treasured as a Relic in the Bank

London is about to witness an interesting removal. The famous old banking-house of Coutts and Company is about to seek new premises. By Whitsun the 140 clerks who form its staff will be casting up figures and verifying their ledgers in their new quarters, which are situated almost opposite, and which possess one entrance in the Strand and another in Adelaide Street. The almost priceless treasure chests which Messrs. Coutts have accumulated in their extensive vaults will be removed gradually. This precaution is considered necessary to prevent undue curiosity on the part of the public.

Of the romance of the house of Coutts one could write at great length. Its books date back to 1692. In those early days one ledger sufficed for the names of the customers from A to Z. Now about fifty are required. Some idea of the nobility who have patronised the bank may be gauged from the statement that among the valued signatures to be found in the firm's books are those of Princess Charlotte of Wales and all the members of the English Royal family, from George II. to King Edward VII., Lord Nithsdale, Pitt, Lord Londonderry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Lord Bute, Lord North, Lord Chatham, Fox, Charles Dickens, Lord Macaulay, Benjamin West, Louis Philippe, the Empress Frederick, the late Empress of Mexico, the King of Portugal, the Shah of Persia, the King of the Belgians, and hundreds of other celebrities.

Mr. Thomas Coutts, who may be regarded as the

Photos by *Topical Press Agency*

Mr. Charles Turner, Counter and Chief Cashier

Who has been connected with Coutts's Bank for fifty-four years, and is the *doyen* of bank cashiers

The Old Premises—Substantial and Solid as they Looked—were Distinguished by no Sign or Indication of the Nature of the Business Carried on Within

Photos by *Topical Press Agency*

The New Premises, Situate Opposite the Old Offices

The building has been especially erected for Coutts, and looks as striking as the old one was unpretentious

COUTTS'S BANK: THE OLD PREMISES AND THE NEW

In the Old Building—Entrance to the Strong Rooms

A tour of the strong rooms is attended with considerable ceremony. Not even one of the partners ever goes alone; he must always be accompanied by one of the workmen. On entering each room the door is carefully locked and bolted.

Photos by *Topical Press Agency*

A Corner in One of the Strong Rooms

Many of the boxes are labelled with names of great people long since dead. The contents of some of the chests have not been disturbed for two hundred years, and there are many important State secrets and historic matters secreted in them

Photo by *Topical Press Agency*

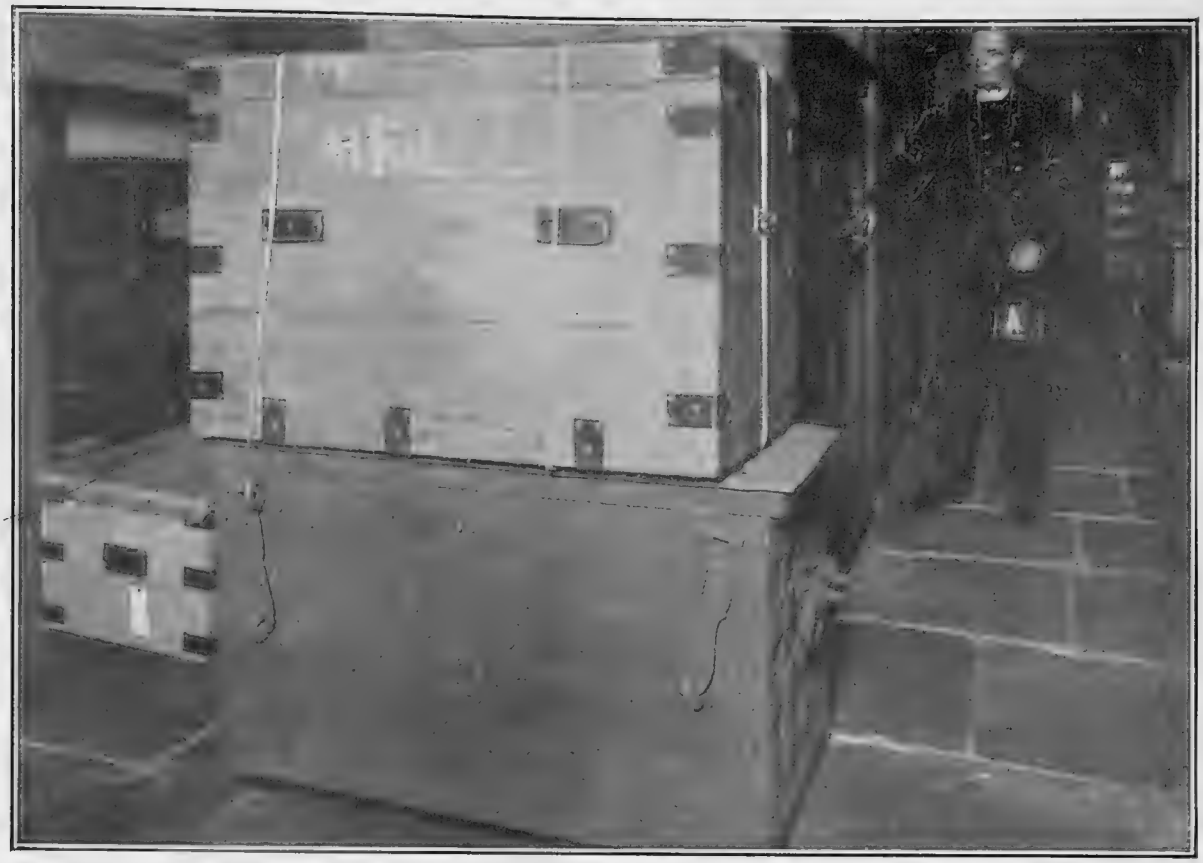
A Piled-up Corner in One of the Strong Rooms

This picture gives a good idea of the heterogeneous collection of boxes and chests stored in the strong rooms. Heirlooms, pertaining to nearly every family of importance in history, from Royalty downwards, are guarded here

real founder of the present bank, was the younger son of an Edinburgh banker and a notable figure. Tall, and very thin, a notoriously bad dresser, he was often, to his own enjoyment, taken for a very poor man. Many are the amusing anecdotes illustrative of this. While staying at Worthing the celebrated banker attracted the sympathetic attention of a merchant by his shabby appearance. Awaiting his opportunity, the merchant slipped a guinea into the hand of the banker and dashed away. Mr. Coutts noted the house to which his benefactor had gone, and from that learned his name. For the great banker's next dinner-party an invitation was sent to the benevolent merchant, which he received with much surprise, as, although he had heard of the banker, he had never spoken to him. He, however, accepted the invitation, and, on arriving at the house, was greatly surprised to recognise the humble-looking person to whom he had presented the guinea. After warmly shaking him by the hand, Mr. Coutts introduced him to his friends as the "kindest-hearted man he knew," and then, drawing him aside, said, "I shall not return your gift, but let me assure you that as long as Thomas Coutts lives you shall never want a sincere friend. Mr. Coutts never parted with his coin, and it is now treasured by the bank, and known as the "lucky guinea."

Mr. Thomas Coutts married his brother's housemaid, Betty Starkie, by whom he had three daughters. On marrying, they became Lady Francis Burdett, the Countess of Guildford, and the third the Marchioness of Bute. Shortly after the death of his first wife, which occurred not until Thomas Coutts was considerably advanced in years, he contracted a second marriage, this time with an actress—a certain Miss Harriett Mellon—to whom, when he died, he left his entire fortune of £900,000. She afterwards married the Duke of St. Albans, but, retaining full control of her fortune, left this to Mr. Coutts's favourite granddaughter, the celebrated Lady Burdett-Coutts.

The traditions of Coutts's bank are religiously kept up. There are now eight partners and a staff of 140 clerks. They have an unwritten law as to dress and to being clean-shaven, to which everyone conforms. Over the bank there are a set of beautifully furnished rooms. A tour through the strong rooms of the establishment is a thing to be remembered, and one attended with considerable ceremony. Not even one of the partners nor any member of the staff ever goes alone. They must have one of the workmen to



Two Old Iron Chests in the Strong Room

accompany them. On entering each room, the door is carefully locked and bolted. The rooms are piled with boxes and chests of all sizes, some that have never been disturbed for nearly 200 years. It is these boxes and treasures that will be removed gradually to the new quarters across the road.

Photos by *Topical Press Agency*

The Resident Clerk's Sitting Room

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

H.R.H. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain

TWO CHARMING

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland

ROYAL LADIES

SCENES ABOUT MONTE CARLO: "The Beauty Spot of the Riviera"

Morning Scene on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

Nice, San Remo, and the other delightful winter resorts of the Riviera have their most formidable rival in Monte Carlo. Though known to fame in the past principally for its Casino, its picturesque scenery and delightful sub-tropical climate are attracting more and more visitors every year

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

The Gardens of the Famous Casino as they Appear in January

The Gardens of the "Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco," as the proprietors euphemistically call the Casino, are laid out with faultless taste. Our photograph, which was taken in January, shows the wealth of palms and flowers to be found here

A Tournament at the Lawn Tennis Courts at Monte Carlo

As is only to be expected at a place frequented by large numbers of English and American visitors many forms of sport are indulged in, tennis being very popular, while, strangely enough, boating is hardly taken up although good boats are always to be hired cheaply enough. Monte Carlo is a centre for many magnificent walks and drives, being quite close to the invigorating pine district of Cap Martin, while Beaulieu, Nice, and Mentone are within easy reach

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

Pigeon Shooting at Monte Carlo

This form of "sport," which finds its greatest support on the Continent, is gone in for largely at Monte Carlo. An International Pigeon Shooting meeting is held here in December, and attracts the crack shots from all parts of Europe.

The Villa of the Empress Eugénie at Monte Carlo

The beautiful Mediterranean home of the mother of the late Prince Imperial.

Seats Opposite the Casino

From these seats the philosopher can make a fascinating study of the tragedies and comedies of life. Facing the entrance to the Casino one sees every visitor, from the gay punter who has had luck, to the ruined and desperate gambler who staggers from the gilded Palace after losing his last sou at the tables

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

The Governor and the Various High Functionaries of Monaco Following the Procession of S. Devota

A religious procession is one of the sights of Monte Carlo. The rich vestments of the priests, and the pure white in which the children are dressed on these occasions, make a never-to-be-forgotten picture when seen in the bright Rivieran sunshine

The Procession Nearing its Destination, the Chapel of S. Devota

The chapel is now completely modernised. On the site was formerly a famous shrine dedicated to S. Devota, a virgin of Corsica, martyred under Diocletian

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

The Procession of S. Devota Passing through the Streets of Monaco

S. Devota is the patron saint of Monaco, and on her festival, since the earliest days the Princes of Monaco have provided food for the poor

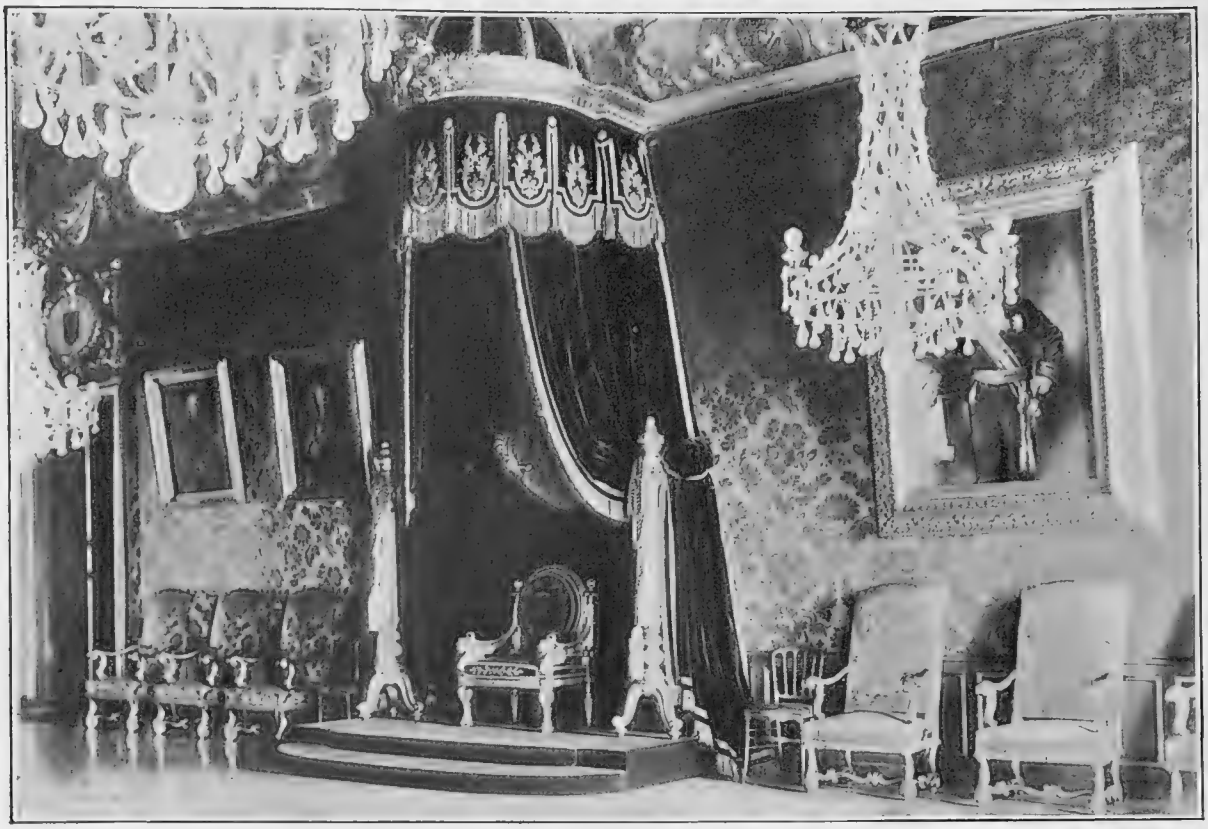
The Prince and Princess Arriving at Monaco

The Princess of Monaco is an American lady, daughter of Mme. Heine, a well-known resident of Lucerne. The Princess is greatly respected and loved, and is a most devoted Catholic

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

The Prince and Princess of Monaco and Members of the International Institute of Peace

The Prince has done much in the interests of peace by the recent abolition of his standing army of 5 officers and 50 carabineers



The Throne Room of the Palace of Monaco

The Palace is the only building of importance on the Rock of Monaco. The ancient walls still stand, though they have been considerably restored

Photos by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

A Bedroom in the Palace called "York Room"

In this room died Edward Augustus Duke of York, brother of George III. The room has since been used as a mortuary chapel for the Princes of Monaco

OUR SHORT STORY

FIRST LOVE: A MERE EPISODE

By FRANK HARRIS

My boyhood and youth were passed in Brighton. I entered the College there as a boy of ten, and went through every class on the Modern side in the usual seven years. I only tell this to show that from the beginning my father intended me to go into business, and that I was not particularly clever at books. I loved football as much as I hated French, and I learned more of "fives" in half an hour than I knew of German after eight years' work. In fact, if it had not been for mathematics I should not have got my "remove" each year regularly as I managed to do. And yet I do not think I am more of a dunce than other men. I know French and German well enough now for all business purposes, and I have done something more than hold my own, so far, in the struggle of life. I do not give these facts about myself out of conceit, but because I want to tell what seems to me a wonderful story; at any rate, it is the most wonderful, and the only wonderful, story in my life, and I do not know how to tell it except by writing down everything of importance simply and in order as it occurred. As I played a chief part in the story, I must say something about myself. In the first place I was not bad-looking.

I do not mean I was handsome, or anything of that sort; but I was dark, and my features were fairly regular, and, as I had more of a moustache than almost any fellow in the school, I rather fancied myself.

After leaving Brighton College, my father got me a clerkship with Lawrence, Loewenthal and Co., stock-brokers, of Copthall Court. My chief competitors were young German Jews, keen as mustard in everything relating to business, and preternaturally sharp in scenting personal profit. Their acuteness and boldness fascinated me. I went about with them a good deal, picked up conversational German without much effort, and soon learned from my mentors how fortunes were to be made. A little knot of us pooled our savings, and, after a succession of gains and losses which about balanced themselves, turned our tens into hundreds over a "slump" in American rails. Our success was due to Waldstein—the Julius Waldstein who has since made a great fortune, and whom I should like to write about, some day or other, as I look upon him as the first financial genius of the age. But now I must get on with my story. It was a remark I made after this lucky throw that turned Mr. Lawrence's attention to me, and gave me my first "step up" in the house. I had gone into his private room with some transfers to be signed. He was reading a letter; in the middle of it he rang for the managing clerk, and asked him:

"How are Louisvilles going?"

"I'll see," was the reply; and in a minute or two old Simkins returned with:

"Steady at 48."

I could not help muttering, "They'll be steadier at 35."

"What do you know about it?" asked Lawrence, with an air of amused surprise. His tone put me on my mettle, and I laid my reasons, or rather Waldstein's, before him, and he soon saw that I knew what I was talking about. In a year or two I became a managing-clerk and a member of the Stock Exchange; and from that time on have never found it very difficult to lay by something every year. And it's curious how the habit of saving grows on one; but I am forgetting my story.

As I became interested in my work and confident of success, I wanted someone to talk to, to brag to if the truth were known, and life, I have noticed, generally furnishes us with the opportunity of gratifying our desires. I still kept up the custom of going home to Brighton from Saturday till Monday. And one Sunday, coming out of church, my sister introduced me to some people whom I took to immediately, Mrs. and Miss Longden. Mabel Longden was tall and good-looking, but too dark for my taste. Still, we chummed at once and perhaps got along together better than if we had fallen in love at first sight—a thing, by the way, which I have never believed in. Mrs. Longden was the widow of a major in the Army, and lived in a small house at Kemp Town. She had only a hundred a year or so beyond her pension, and her one ambition in life was to keep herself and her two daughters like ladies. Her love of gentility was so passionate that when the rumour got about that she was the daughter of a small tradesman everyone believed it. Mabel had a sister whom I have not mentioned yet, perhaps because I saw little of her for some time, and the little I saw did not interest me. She could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years of age when I first met her, and she seemed to me an ordinary school-girl—all ribs and ankles. Her face was not even pretty; the eyes were all right, greyish and large, but the nose was inclined to be thick and the oval of the face was too narrow; the jaws seemed pinched in, and this peculiarity gave her an uncomfortably sharp look. She was a strange child in every way, and I did not like her. I remember the first time I really noticed her. I had been talking to Mabel about business, and telling her how I had caught a fellow who had tried to outwit me, when suddenly I looked up and found Blanche gazing at me. As our eyes met she looked away quietly, and then got up and went out of the room, keeping her back to me, and leaving me under the impression that she disapproved of me, or did not like what I had been saying. I put this down to "cheek" that deserved to be snubbed; but she never gave me the opportunity of snubbing her; for she seemed rather to avoid me. The curious part of the matter is that, though the impression she made on me was confused, and certainly not agreeable, I remember and can recall every detail of our meetings, though at the time they seemed to me utterly unimportant.

A few weeks later I was waiting one afternoon in the little parlour. Mabel had gone up to dress to go out with me, when suddenly Blanche came into the room with her cheeks aglow, crying, "Where's

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mother?" She had been skating, and her sparkling eyes and rich colour so improved her that I exclaimed, "Why, Blanche, you're pretty!" I suppose I spoke enthusiastically—surprise made me frank—for as I looked her eyes grew indignant; the colour in her cheeks flamed from pink to scarlet, and she turned and stalked out of the room with her chin in the air. An absurd child; she annoyed without interesting me, and I resolved to take no further notice of her.

It was not difficult; for about this time my companionship with Mabel became close; we began to spoon in fact, and soon tried to believe ourselves very much in love with each other. But there was always something lacking in our intimacy, and now, looking back, I see that there was no real bond between us, and I begin to suspect that kisses often stand youth in lieu of sympathy. For even if I would, I really could not tell much of my flirtation with Mabel Longden. She was good to look at and good to be with, too uniformly sweet-tempered ever to have cared much about me, I imagine; but I knew nothing of her true character and temperament, for love was not in her, love with its terrible need of self-betrayal. There were moments, it is true, when we seemed drawn together, moments when her eyes sought mine with timid abandonment, and when pride in looks and pity of her weakness grew in me to unselfish tenderness; but there was no enduring strength in the feeling, no roots of life in it, and a few days' absence chilled us both. I am glad now to think that the play was pure comedy on both sides, though at the time I was often vaguely disappointed with our aloofness from one another, and tried by dwelling on her beauty to bring myself to the passionate ardour I ought to have felt but did not. Even then I noticed that she used to lead me on to talk of the fortune I felt certain that I should make, and of the house we should have and the horses and carriages, and it seems to me now, though I am ashamed to say it, that it was some picture in her mind of dress and jewellery and distinction which made her try to like me. In any case the matter is not worth thinking about any longer, and I only write of it because it belongs to my story.

I had known Mabel Longden for nearly two years, and for six or eight months had spent three-fourths of the time I passed in Brighton with her, when I called early one Saturday evening, and found that she was out. I was a little hurt—more in vanity than in affection, I think—and disappointed, which I took to be a proof of feeling, whereas it was merely the result of baulked habit. True, I was later than usual—much later, in fact; but, then, my father had kept me talking of my younger brother Tom, and I had bought tickets for the theatre to make up for my late coming. I found it difficult to disguise my bad humour when I was told that Mabel had gone out for the evening, and would probably not be home till late.

"You see," said Mrs. Longden apologetically, "you never sent her word, and I presume she thought you were not coming at all."

While she was speaking, my eyes, wandering about in hesitation and annoyance, suddenly caught sight of an expression of indignant contempt on Blanche's face, as she sat looking into the fire.

"But what am I to do with these tickets?" I asked, in helpless irritation. As I spoke Blanche kicked the fender and got up hastily, and an idea came into my head.

"Would you let me take Blanche?" and I turned to Mrs. Longden.

"Yes," said Mrs. Longden after a moment's hesitation, only to be noticed because of her unvarying suavity; "yes, certainly; and I think Blanche would enjoy it. She loves music."

"Well, Blanche?" I asked; but there was no need of an answer, for the girl's eyes were dancing.

"Oh," she said in a low voice, as if to excuse her joy, "it is *Le Nozze di Figaro*, isn't it? And I love music, and Titiens and Trebelli are both in it. Oh," and she drew in her breath with delight and clasped her hands, "it *is* kind of you!"

"What will you wear, dear?" asked her mother, and the girl's face fell so lugubriously that I could not help laughing. "Anything will do; we must start at once," I said, and bustled them both upstairs. I like music as much as most people, but I like, too, to talk between the acts, and my companion that night was more than silent; still, Titiens was very good in spite of her bulk, and Trebelli the most enchanting page that was ever seen. When she sang "Voi che sapete" with that velvet voice of hers, I was delighted.

As she finished the song my companion gave a queer little hysterical squeak that turned all eyes upon her. I saw that the child was overwrought, her face was pale and pinched, and the eyes were blazing, and I whispered, "Let us go, Blanche, eh?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "No! it is too beautiful—please, please don't go!"

"But," I said, "you mustn't cry out; the people are all looking at you."

"What do the people matter?" she snapped, and then, pleadingly, "please, let me listen." Of course there was nothing more to be said, and we stayed to the end.

It was a fine night, and we walked home together, Blanche taking my arm.

"Are you glad I took you?" I asked, feeling that I should like her to thank me; she pressed my arm. But I wanted to talk, so I went on:

"You liked the play, didn't you?" That started her off; she was so excited with enthusiasm that she talked like one out of breath.

"The music," she said, "was divine; so beautiful, it hurt. I ache with it still. I can never, never forget it"

I laughed at her exaggerations, and brought her down to common sense, and then she began to attack the play.

"It was beastly," if you please, "all falsehood and deceit and cheating; I hope life isn't like that," she burst out. "If it is, I shall hate it. How could Mozart have given that perfect music to those horrid words and horrid people? How could he?"

There seemed to be some sense in what she said, but, as I knew very little about it, I preferred to change the subject. And then the conversation died away.

When we reached her house, I left her at the door. Somehow or other, I did not feel inclined to go in and make up my little difference with Mabel. It seems to me now as if our estrangement began that evening; but, indeed, I did not trouble much about it either then or later. And it was not any affection for Blanche that put Mabel out of my head; no, the child excited my curiosity, and that was all; she was evidently clever, and I liked that; but she was also intensely emotional, which seemed odd rather than pleasant to me.

For some weeks I did not call at the Longdens, and when I called I noticed that Mabel was affected in manner and speech. Her coldness I didn't mind; in fact, I felt relieved by it; but her graceful poses and little slang phrases of gentility seemed ridiculous

to me. I wondered that I had never been disagreeably impressed by them before. I felt, too, that they were characteristic of her; she was affected and vain. I did not want to be alone with her, and, though we spent several afternoons together, I kept my attitude of polite carelessness. Mabel scarcely seemed to notice my change of manner; she was often out when I called, and I hit upon the idea of asking Blanche to accompany us whenever Mabel happened to go out with me. At first Blanche used to refuse point blank; but, as I returned to the charge, she consented now and then, and evidently in accord with her sister; indeed, Mabel often pressed her to say "Yes."

I remember, one Saturday morning, taking them both to dine at Mutton's. We had a private room, and the best dinner the place could afford; for success and Waldstein's example were teaching me to be extravagant in such matters. The week had been a red-letter one for me; I had cleared a thousand pounds in it, and naturally was cock-a-hoop, though I did not conceal from myself, or even from the Longdens, that my success was due to Waldstein. In fact, towards the end of the dinner, I set his whole plan before them and gave all his reasons for the course he took. Before I had got half-way through the story it was impossible not to notice that Blanche was my only real listener. Mabel made polite exclamations of attention at the proper places; but she was manifestly rather bored by the account, whereas Blanche asked about everything she didn't understand, and appeared to be really engrossed by the dramatic elements in the struggle for wealth. Piqued by Mabel's manner, I did my best to interest Blanche, and succeeded, I suppose, for Mabel at length left the table and took to drumming on the windowpane to show her impatience.

"I must go!" she exclaimed at last. "I expect Captain Burroughs to call this evening to try over a song with me, and I don't want to be late." After that, there was nothing left for us but to put on our wraps and go. I had met Captain Burroughs at the Longdens more than once, but had not paid much attention to him. He was an ordinary-looking man, I thought, with nothing particular about him, except that he was well set-up and had large blue eyes. Now as Mabel spoke, his image came before me, and I saw that he was good-looking, felt that she thought him exceedingly attractive, and had more than consoled herself for my inattention by his courtship. Perhaps even she had begun to go her own way before I had thought of going mine. Yes, she had; a hundred little signs, unnoticed at the time, assured me that she had. The discovery relieved and pleased me greatly; I grew excited and felt quite cordial to her. She was a fine girl after all, and deserved a handsome husband like Burroughs. Was it this elation or the wine I had drunk that made me act as I did? I don't know; the bare facts are not complimentary to me, but I'll set them down. Mabel went out of the room first, as if in a hurry to get to her Captain; she disappeared just as I took up Blanche's jacket to help her on with it. I noticed, for the first time, that Blanche had a figure, a figure that promised to be a very pretty one, and after putting on her jacket I could not help taking her slender waist in my hands. Of course I said something to cover my action: "Go along, let us catch Mabel," or something of that sort; but the words died on my lips, for the girl swung round and faced me with an imperative

"Don't!"

"Go along," I repeated awkwardly; "you're only a child."

She turned haughtily, without a word, and followed her sister downstairs.

The cab was waiting for us, and as soon as we were seated in it I forced a conversation with Mabel on the subject of her song and Captain Burroughs's voice.

After this incident Blanche avoided me persistently. At first, feeling rather uncomfortable, I was not at all sorry to get out of a complete explanation; but as the feeling of shame wore off I began to contrive opportunities of being alone with her. "I don't care for her," I used to say to myself, "but I don't want her to think me a howling cad." But though I did not care for her she was in my thoughts a good deal, and knew how to pique my vanity, at least, by continually avoiding me. She was more successful in this than she could have been a few months before, for now I never went to the house without finding Burroughs in the little parlour on the ground floor, filling the place I had formerly occupied beside Mabel. In fact, about this time Mrs. Longden confided to me that the pair were engaged, and when I congratulated Mabel, I noticed that she was prettier and less affected than I had ever imagined she could be. Love is like youth for hiding faults and enhancing merits. After this event my chances of meeting Blanche alone became too slight to be worth the risk of disturbing the lovers, and so I gave up going to the house at all regularly. Mere chance soon helped me where purpose had failed. One afternoon late, as I reached the house, I found the servant at the door, who told me that everyone was out except Miss Blanche. As was to be expected, I went in the more readily. Blanche was in the parlour alone, and as I entered she stood up hastily, and returned my greeting with a cold, "I'll see if mother or Mabel is in." But I stopped in front of the door, and said:

"Won't you speak to me, Blanche? If I've offended you, I beg your pardon; forgive me, and let us be friends again."

I caught myself speaking with an intensity far greater than I had thought of using; and, as her face did not relax, and she kept her eyes obstinately bent on the ground, I began again with an extraordinary eagerness:

"Why will you bear malice? I had no idea you could be so cross. Just remember what a great talk we had that night, and forgive me."

Still the same silence and little downcast face, scarcely to be seen in the gathering shadows. I began again:

"Really, Blanche, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It is childish to sulk so; yes, childish," I repeated, for she had looked up at last. "If you were older you would know that every woman pardons when the man apologises and asks forgiveness."

She simply shook her head, looking me straight in the eyes. Had I excited myself by my own pleading, or what was it? I don't know; but I began again in a different tone:

"Upon my word, if you won't speak, I'll treat you like the little girl you are, and kiss you into a good temper."

"You don't dare," she said, and stood rigidly.

"Don't I?" I cried. "You mustn't dare me," and I threw my left arm round her waist, and held her face to mine with the other. At first she struggled desperately, and writhed so that I could hardly hold her. Then gradually I overcame her

struggles, and kissed her again and again. I shall never be able to describe the strange, keen pleasure I took in the touch of her lips; nor the intimate, intense delight it gave me to hold her tender, panting form against my breast in the darkness—there's a brute in all of us men which is too easily awakened. As I was embracing and kissing her, the idea came to me that her resistance had become merely formal; that she was not trying to avoid my lips. At once conscience smote me, and I felt that I had been a brute. No sort of excuse for me—none. I pulled myself together, and stopped kissing her. Then I began pleading again.

"Little Blanche, have you forgiven me? Are we friends again? Won't you speak to me now?" And I laid my cheek to hers; the girl's face was wet, and I realised with a pang that she was crying silently. This was worse than I had expected. I was genuinely grieved.

"Oh, Blanche," I exclaimed, "if you knew how sorry I am! Please don't cry; I didn't mean to hurt you; I'm so sorry—what am I to do? I'll never, never forgive myself." As I began to speak she slipped from my arms and went to the door.

"Blanche," I went on—for I couldn't let her go like that—"you must hate me to leave me so; won't you say you'll forgive me, please?" She paused, holding the door ajar; then I heard her say in a little subdued voice:

"There's nothing to forgive," and then, "It wasn't your fault," and the door closed behind her quickly, leaving me in the dark, half penitent, and half in doubt as to her meaning, though the tone of her voice had partially reassured me.

After she had left me I seemed to be possessed by a demon of unrest. Up and down the parade I tramped, reproaching myself for what I had done. I had no business to kiss her. It was a shame. I felt very clearly that kisses meant infinitely more to her than they did to her sister. What was I to do? I didn't love her, and yet I had never kissed anyone with such passion. She was an inscrutable mystery to me. Why had she cried? Did she dislike me? Had she grown tired of struggling, or merely affected to struggle, wishing all the time to be kissed? This flattering hypothesis seemed to be true; but, if true, why had she begun to cry? And if she had cried out of vexation, why did she say that there was nothing to forgive, and that it wasn't my fault? I couldn't read the riddle; and it was too fascinating to leave unread. I wanted to return to the house to see her, if but for a moment, but that went against my pride. I resolved to write to her, though that seemed to be going too far. The girl was a mystery, and the mystery had an attraction for me that I could not account for nor explain. That night I went up to my little bedroom and sat down to write to her. I soon found that the task was exceedingly difficult. At one moment I was writing as if I loved her, and the next I was warning her that I did not love her yet. At length I began to quiet myself: "Why write at all?" But I couldn't leave her without a word, and so I decided at last to write just a brief note, saying how grieved I should be to hurt or offend her in any way, and declaring that I would call next Saturday afternoon as soon as I reached Brighton. I began "Dear little Blanche," and ended up with "I shall think of you all through this week—Yours, Will Rutherford." Even at the moment of writing the letter I felt it to be curious that I could not write any half-truths to her; the girl wanted the whole truth, if, indeed, she wanted anything, and so I held myself very strictly to the facts.

The weeks passed much as other weeks had passed, with this difference, however, that from Monday on I began to look forward more and more eagerly to seeing Blanche again. I did not write this to her in the meantime, partly out of prudence, partly out of the wish to tell it to her when we met. As soon as I reached Brighton on the Saturday I hurried off to the Longdens. The mother met me in the parlour.

"Where's Blanche?" I asked gaily.

"Blanche!" repeated Mrs. Longden, with a slight tone of surprise. "She has gone into the country to stay with some friends."

"Into the country," I muttered in confusion. "Where to?"

"Near Winchester," came the calm reply.

"But did she leave no message for me—no letter?"

"Not that I'm aware of," replied Mrs. Longden smilingly. "I didn't even know that you took interest enough in each other to write or leave messages."

And that was all. I left the house more bewildered than ever, but my pride was up in arms, and I resolved to put Blanche out of my mind once for all. That seemed easy enough at first, but with time it became increasingly difficult. The mystery puzzled me more and more, and the sharp parting piqued my curiosity. As the weeks passed, and I recalled all our meetings, and what she had said, I began to see that she was extraordinarily intelligent and very ingenious. Curiously enough, the past, in so far as it concerned her, grew more and not less vivid as time passed. It was as if I had looked at some photographer's negative and had at first been able to distinguish little or nothing, but suddenly the proper light fell on it and revealed the whole picture. Unremembered looks and words came back to me, increasing the charm of her personality without solving the enigma of her conduct; till at length I wrote to her, telling her how much I had thought of her, and begging her to let me see her. I took the letter to Mrs. Longden, who promised to forward it, with a request to Blanche to answer it, and next week Mrs. Longdon showed me the end of a letter Blanche had written to her: "I received the letter you sent me; please tell him there's no answer. I have nothing to say."

I had gone as far as my pride would allow. From that day I never went near the Longdens, but gave myself up to work, and gradually the fascination of business took hold of me once again. Four or five years later I married and bought a little country place near Winchester. A year or so afterwards I took my wife to a ball given by the officers of the—— Hussars, who were quartered in the Cathedral city. I knew a good many people, and, as I liked dancing, prepared to enjoy myself; feeling sure that my wife would be well taken care of. After the second or third dance a Captain Wolfe came up to me and said, "You're in luck, my friend; I'm going to introduce you to the belle of the ball." With some laughing protestation I followed him, and he presented me by simply saying, "This is Mr. Rutherford," and then took himself off.

The girl certainly deserved his praise; she was one of those astoundingly pretty girls one sees now and then in England, and nowhere else in the world. I cannot describe her, except by saying that she was above the middle height, and of a very perfect, slight, round figure, with the most beautiful face I had ever seen.

"Pardon me," I said, "but Captain Wolfe forgot to tell me your name."

"Don't you know it?" she asked, while her blue eyes danced with amusement.

"No," I replied. "How should I? I have never seen you before.

I spoke with absolute conviction.

"What a bad compliment—to forget me and deny me! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" and she pouted adorably.

"The best of compliments," I retorted warmly. "The certainty that if I had ever seen you I could never have forgotten you."

She swept me a low courtesy, and then, with sudden gravity, "Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Blanche Longden that was, now Miss Longden."

I was dumfoundered. The grace, the charm, the self-possession, I could understand, even the fine figure; but not the change in face. Blanche's nose had been rather heavy and shapeless, and now it was daintily cut; the pointed chin was rounded, the oval of the face had filled out, the eyes had surely grown darker, the complexion that had been muddy was now dazzling; but even these extraordinary changes did not account for her beauty. I was lost in amazement.

She laughed in a pleased way at my embarrassment:

"You don't recognise me, even now?"

"No," I confessed ruefully. "You are altogether changed: even your voice has improved beyond recognition."

"Let us sit down," she said, "and talk, if you have this dance free;" and I sat down, careless whether I was free or not. At last I should get the mystery solved. What did we talk about? At first the usual things. Her sister, I learned, was married and had three children. She was in India now with her husband, and Mrs. Longden, in Brittany, was taking care of the little ones. At last I put my question:

"Why did you go away from Brighton, and never answer my letters?"

"I did answer them. Mother told me she showed you my answer."

"That was no answer. You have no idea how disappointed and hurt I was; how I grieved over your silence." I could not help being much more intense with this girl than I had any right to be. "But tell me why you left me so, and I'll forgive you."

She seemed to consider, and then:

"I don't know; there *was* nothing to be said;" and then, "You are married, aren't you?" I nodded; she went on; "I want to know your wife; you must introduce me."

"With pleasure," I replied: "but my answer; you will explain the mystery now."

"But you must have understood?"

"No; I did not, I assure you, and even now I can't make out why you acted as you did."

"How strange!" And she laughed, looking away from me. On reflection afterwards, it seemed to me that this laughter of hers was a trifle forced; but I may be mistaken. At the time I didn't mark there false note. "How strange!" she repeated; and then, with sudden gravity, "shall I dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's' for you, and confess? I wonder, will it be good for my soul? Well, the truth is very simple, and yet very hard to tell. I loved you! Oh, as a child, of course, I mean; but with an ideal passion. You never guessed it? I'm glad. Do you know, I think it began that night at the theatre. You won something of the charm of that fatal music that seemed to me the voices of my soul's desire. It transformed me; the tide of it swept through me, and ebbed and flowed in me, and bore me away out upon it till the sweet tears scalded my eyes and made my heart ache. After that my guard broke down before you; the way was open, and you took possession of the empty throne. How I loved you! I invested you with every grace and every power; you were the lay figure, and I the artist. Forgive me, I don't mean to hurt you; but that's the truth. You brought the wild fresh outside air of struggle and triumph into our close, narrow life, and I made a hero of you; that was all. And then I began to pity you. I saw that Mabel didn't love you, and was indignant with her; even in short frocks some of us are mothers. After seeing her with you my heart has ached for you, and I've gone out of the room hating her make-believe of love, and stopped in the hall to talk to your coat. How I used to kiss and stroke it and put my cheek against it, and whisper sweet things to it! 'Tell him, dear coat,' I used to say, 'that I love him, and he mustn't be sad or lonely. Tell him—tell him that I love him.' I used to believe that unconsciously you must receive some comfort from those assurances.

"And after the dinner, when you touched me—I stopped you; but I was so glad at heart that I was afraid you'd see and understand. And that afternoon when you kissed me; I provoked it—on purpose? I don't know. I do know that I resisted as long as I could, and when I could resist you no longer, *you stopped.* How the passion of shame hurt me then! I thought I should die of it, and then I thought of the sweet unknown affection I had been giving you—all lost—and the tears came. Well, there's my confession. You see now that I could not answer your letters. I had to win back self-respect, and I did."

. . . . .

There; that's all the story. I know I've told it badly, but I've done my best. What did I say to her? I played the fool. I could find nothing sensible to say; I held my head in my hands and muttered:

"And now?"

"And now," she repeated, smiling through wet eyes, "I'm grown up and you're married, and I want to know your wife."

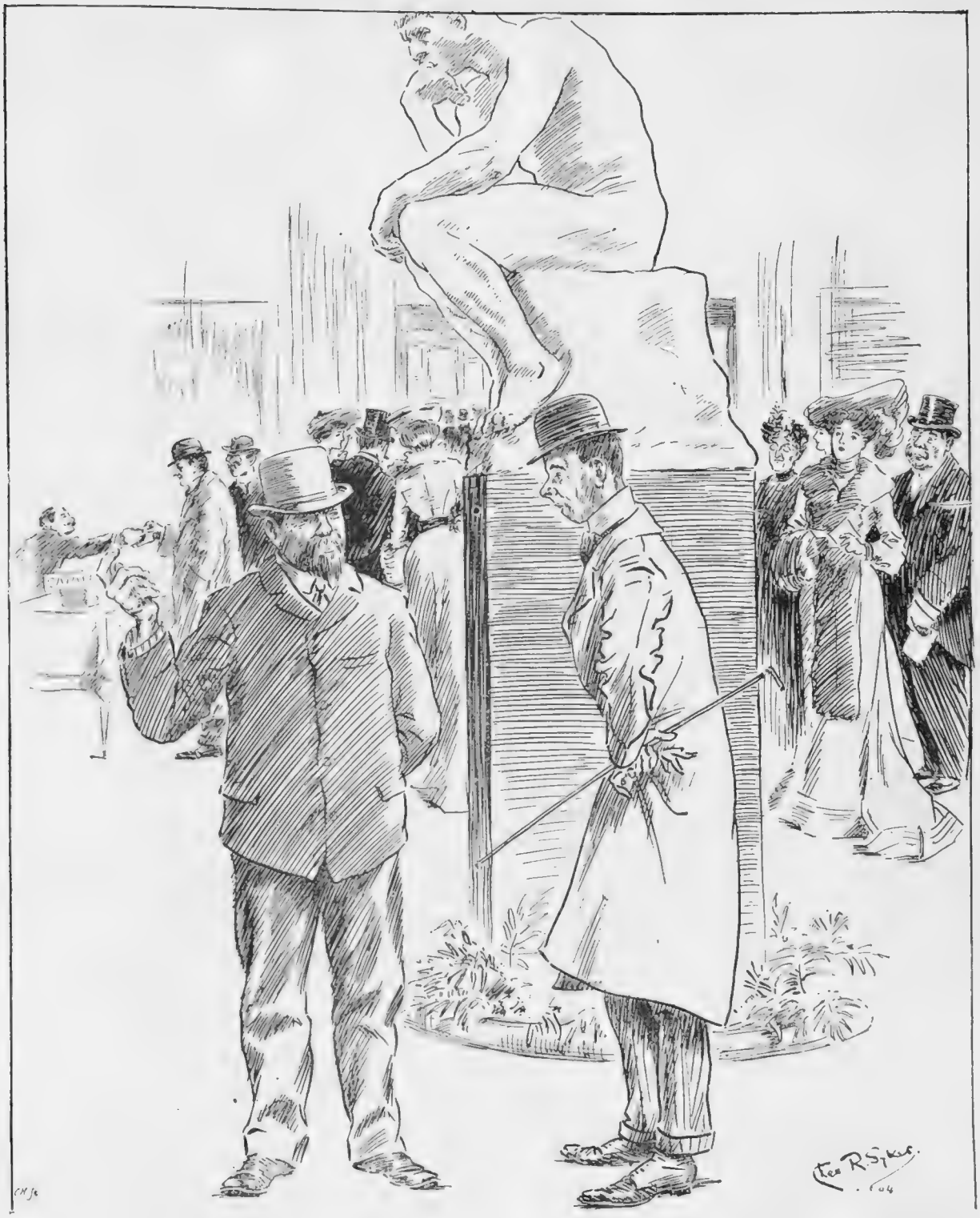
"And that's all?" I blundered on.

"All?" she said. "All—and enough too, I should think." Her voice had changed and grown hard; even as a girl she was quick tempered. "Do you know, I look at you, and can't tell what possessed me, what I could have seen in you? You're not even like the mental picture I had made of you. I don't even know how I could have dressed you up in those heroic vestments. When I look at you I wonder at myself. I must really ask your wife what she sees in you. I must——"

At last I came to sense; the beautiful play was over, and I had offended her. But she had gone too far in punishment; the word came to me:

"If you go on hurting me, I shall think you are daring me again."

The blood surged to the roots of her hair; she rose and took the arm of a gentleman who had just come up, and vanished from my sight; and with her going romance died out of my life, and the grey walls of the ordinary shrank round and hemmed me in for ever. And yet I was not like a man blind from birth who cannot measure his affliction: I was richer by a wonderful memory and poorer by the sense of unutterable loss. Sometimes I try to console myself with the thought that perhaps that is what life means even to the luckiest of us.



Overheard at the International Art Exhibition

First Visitor (*suavely*): Do you know which is the Rodin?

Second Visitor (*who has never even heard of it*): The—er—what?

First Visitor: The Rodin.

Second Visitor (*visibly brightening*): Oh, the road in! I came in by the door over there!

Analysis of Our Competition Rubber *(contd.)*

Hand VI.

Y deals and leaves it to Z, who is confronted with a borderline declaration. He may declare Spades or Diamonds. Diamonds are tempting, but they are very weak. It is doubtful that he will make two of them, and a disastrous double is far from unlikely. Spades are the sounder declaration.

Play of the Hand with Spades Declared.

Tricks	B	Z	A	Y
1	♣ J	♣ K	♣ 3	♣ 2
2	♠ A	♠ 3	♠ 2	♠ Q
3	♣ 10	♣ 5	♣ Q	♣ A
4	♥ 4	♠ J	♠ 7	♠ 4
5	♦ 2	♦ 5	♦ A	♦ 4
6	♥ 8	♠ K	♠ 10	♠ 5
7	♦ 3	♦ 6	♥ 5	♦ K
8	♣ 7	♠ 6	♣ 8	♣ 6
9	♦ Q	♦ 7	♥ 2	♦ 10
10	♣ 9	♦ 8	♥ 7	♠ 8
11	♥ 9	♦ 9	♠ 9	♦ J
12	♥ A	♥ Q	♥ J	♥ 3
13	♣ 4	♥ K	♥ 10	♥ 6

Result

Y Z win 7 tricks. A B win 6 tricks.

Points of Play

Y puts in Z's king of clubs on trick 1 for the convenience of ruffing the third round whenever it suits him. Trick 3: A puts queen of clubs on B's ten to unblock. Trick 6: A leads out his ten of trumps to draw two to one and still be left with the best. Tricks 7 and 9: A discards hearts five, and then two to show his long suit. Trick 9: Y is deterred from leading out Z's king of hearts by the fear of finding the ace in A's hand, having his last trump drawn, and being compelled to lead up to B's queen of diamonds and last club.

Play of Hand VI. with Diamonds Declared

Diamonds is just an allowable call; and, therefore, there is a variant of the hand.

Tricks	B	Z	A	Y
1	♣ J	♣ K	♣ 3	♣ 2
2	♦ 2	♦ 5	♦ A	♦ 4
3	♣ 4	♣ 5	♣ Q	♣ A
4	♦ 3	♦ 6	♥ 5	♦ K
5	♠ A	♠ 3	♠ 2	♠ 4
6	♦ Q	♦ 7	♥ 2	♦ 10
7	♣ 10	♦ 8	♣ 8	♣ 6
8	♥ 8	♠ K	♠ 7	♠ 5
9	♥ 4	♠ J	♠ 9	♠ 8
10	♣ 7	♠ 6	♠ 10	♠ Q
11	♥ A	♥ Q	♥ 7	♥ 6
12	♣ 9	♥ K	♥ 10	♦ J
13		♦ 9		

Y Z win four tricks. A B win nine tricks.

Score of Hand Six

A B	Y Z		A B	Y Z
	4			12
		or	32	16
	2		16	18

Hand VII.

B deals, and declares no-trumps. Y makes a defensive double, for he is sure of six tricks, since under the Heart Convention Z will lead him a heart; and he is also sure that B is very strong in diamonds and clubs. Moreover, he has a good chance of making four spades, for hearts may be the third suit in which B is guarded

Play of Hand VII.

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1	♥ 5	♥ 3	♥ Q	♥ 7
2	♥ 2	♥ 6	♥ A	♥ J
3	♥ 4	♥ 8	♥ K	♣ Q
4	♠ 5	♠ 6	♠ A	♠ 2
5	♠ 8	♦ 3	♠ K	♠ 3
6	♠ 9	♦ 9	♠ Q	♠ 7
7	♣ 2	♥ 9	♠ 10	♠ J
8				♦ A
9				♦ K
10				♦ Q
11				♣ A
12				♣ K
13		♣ J		♣ 4

Result

A B win 7 tricks.
Y Z win 6 tricks.

Score at the end of Hand VII.

A B	Y Z		A B	Y Z
			+	12
			32	16
+	4			
		or	16	18
24	2		24	

If B declared clubs at the third hand, the rubber ends here with a victory for him and A. If he played the sounder game, the rubber is still unfinished. If A B were 16 up as in the right-hand score above, Y did not double, and A B made two by tricks.

Hand VIII.

Z deals, and declares no-trumps. A doubles, in spite of the fact that the odd trick, undoubled, puts him out; for he will probably have to wait many years before he holds such a suit as his spades, with the lead, against a no-trump call. Z redoubles. A cannot, very naturally, believe that all the rest of the spades are in one hand against him, and supposes Z to have redoubled to go out on the odd trick, he redoubles Z. Z redoubles again. A, if he is wise, stops.

Play of Hand VIII.

Tricks	A	Y	B	Z
1	♠ A	♣ 6	♣ 2	♠ 2
2	♠ K	♣ 7	♥ 2	♠ 3
3	♠ Q	♣ 8	♣ 3	♠ 4
4	♦ K	♦ 3	♦ 4	♦ A
5	♣ 9	♦ 5	♣ 4	♣ A
6	♠ 6	♦ 6	♣ 5	♣ K
7	♠ 7	♥ 5	♦ 2	♣ Q
8	♠ 8	♥ 6	♥ 3	♣ J
9	♦ Q	♥ 7	♥ 4	♣ 10
10	♥ Q	♥ 9	♥ 8	♥ A
11	♠ 9	♦ 9	♦ 10	♦ 7
12			♦ J	
13			♦ 8	

Result

Y Z win 7 tricks.
A B win 6 tricks.

At trick 3, A stops leading spades, for he can see five tricks in his hand whatever happens, and there is no point in making the ten of spades good. At trick 9, A discards the queen of diamonds, for by his discards in the suit, B has shown him five; and he must chance Z's having the knave. If he discards his nine of spades Z leads a little spade, making the ten good. A is bound to lead a heart back to his ace, and Z makes the ten of spades. At trick 11 Z leads the 7 of diamonds, because his only chance of another trick is to find ♦ J in A's hand and be led up to in spades.

Score of Third Game.

A B	Y Z
	30
+	4
24	2
	192

In our next issue will begin a Weekly Competition of a simpler kind, merely the play of the hand at Double Dummy, so simple, indeed, that you may very well while away the tedium of a railway journey by working out the solution of the play from the paper before you. I am making it simpler in order to meet the objection of many of our late competitors that it is difficult to play from four exposed hands as if you only saw two of them.

"Problematicus."

TRANSFORMING POWER

In the opinion of the Poet Laureate, the touchstone of poetry is its power to transfigure the commonplace. In the "Last Night" and his poems dealing with South Africa, there will be found specimens of the transforming power of the poet.

I would not change the poet's high estate,
  Were there an opportunity to do so,
To be a monarch such as was the late
  Lamented Crusoe.

Nor over all the realm of Muscovy
  To rule unchecked by senate or adviser;
Nay nor that demi-semi-god to be
  A German Kaiser.

Indeed, I almost think an English bard
  Although oppressed by skylights always leaden,
Might even fancy it were rather hard
  To change with Seddon!

"Premiers and kings may flourish or may fade"
  May place their stamp upon ignoble metal,
And yet when all is done the spade is spade,
  The kettle, kettle.

Not so with poets; theirs the alchemy
  Sought by philosophers in ages olden—
The kitchen tinware touched by them can be
  Transformed to golden.

The high itself is high, and needs no help;
  And hence the poet may ignore the eagle,
And with a word immortalise the yelp
  Of some stray beagle.

Nor will the poet hold the lion up
  Or gild a rose, or make the lily glitter,
While he can deify a likely pup
  "Of Fan's last litter."

The poets govern language; they who sup
  On food ambrosial near Olympia's border
Can make our poor colloquial "Hurry up!"
  A classic order;

Can dignify the cannon's frantic jump,
  Consolidate an empire or astound it—
Or show the humble and parochial pump
  With haloes round it.

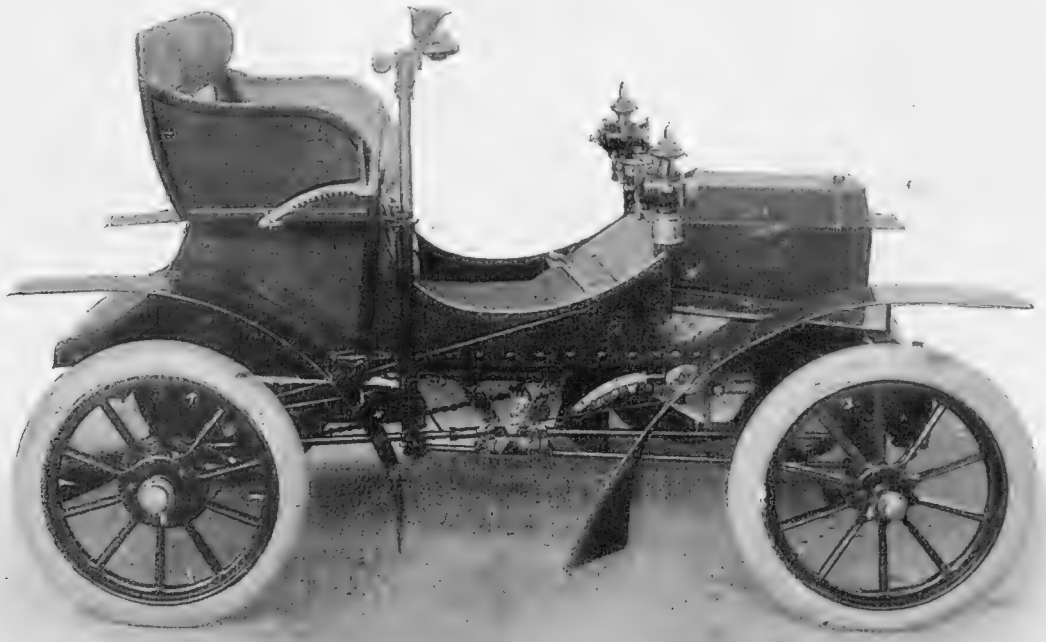
A. W. B

One Side of a Question

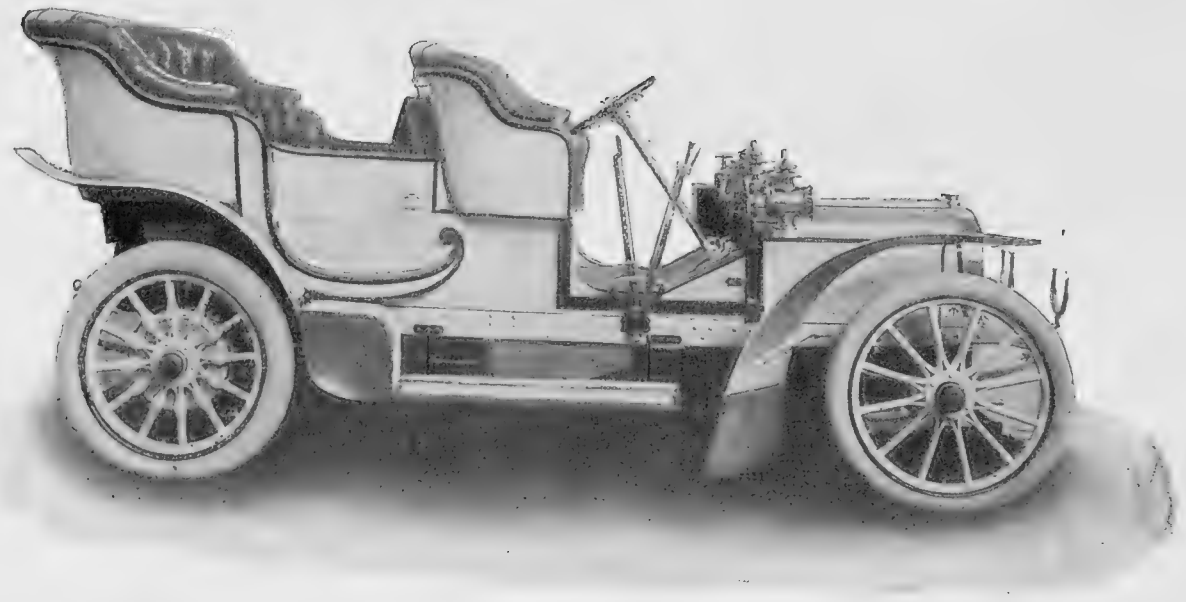
One of the best-known of the British firms of manufacturers has addressed a somewhat woeful screed to this journal in the nature of a jeremiad over the late Show. The substance of it is that, on gazing around them, they find many cars, masquerading under English names, that are of foreign origin, and so they fly to the Press for succour. Though home makers of motor-cars obtain, on the strength of their domicile, a good, and too often a free advertisement, yet it is clear that they have a certain grievance. Many excellent French, German, Italian, Swiss, and Dutch cars are sold as such in this country, and to so import and declare them is an honest business enough. But there are others. I do not know if there is any car called "The True Briton," "John Bull," or "The Union Jack." I hope not, I'm sure, but, if there were, I would examine it with profound interest, and nothing would surprise me less than to observe that the engine came from Belgium, the gear box from Paris, the frame from Germany, and the wheels—well—where do wheels usually come from? Parts of it would be English, true native stuff—the bolts and nuts (with real Whitworth thread) with which all its component parts would be fastened together.

The Other Side

This is one side of the question. Take the other. Suppose we put two 20 h.p. cars side by side—one foreign, one British—what is the chief difference? The price. One may cost double that of the other and even more. Many Continental cars are admittedly first rate. Why cannot their component parts be imported here, finished and "assembled," and sold, to the benefit of the people who have large factories in this country and who employ much labour to these ends? So long as the public are under no misapprehension in the matter, I see no reason why these things should not be. Very few manufacturers, either here or abroad make *every* part of the car and none make the tyres, wheels, balls, coils, plugs, accumulators, magnetos, leather, horsehair, paint, or varnish as far as I am aware. Personally, I think it would be a good advertisement for many firms to boldly state



Six h.-p. Brushmobile—£150—with Reverse; Manufactured by the Brush Electrical Engineering Company



Léon Bollée, 24-32 h.-p. Car, Price £1,250, Capable of Attaining a Speed of 55 Miles per hour. The Car Illustrated above is the Property of Reginald Powis-Lybbe, Esq. The Léon Bollée is the Car of this Year

that they rake all Europe for the productions of the greatest specialists in engines, gears, and springs. This would be quite straightforward, and the public would not only know what they were buying, but would get excellent value for money at the same time. Some of the home-made cars will, in the end, have to stand or fall on their own merits. The buying public may think them worth the extra money, or—they may not.

Economics

Our old friend, the economical motorist, it must be rather sorrowfully remarked, quitted the recent Show somewhat depressed and with unfulfilled ambitions. Cars of almost every style but the one of which he was so diligently in search, presented themselves to his ardent and inquiring gaze, but the truly modest vehicle still seemed to have illusive and intangible qualities, even as heretofore. There were certainly a few practical cheap cars, but *very* few, and many of these occupied but retired positions, and seemed altogether overshadowed and abashed by their more assertive rivals. Why is this? one plaintively sighs. The explanation, I am told, is this. It simply does not pay at present to make cheap cars, because there is not enough profit on the sale of them unless sold in very large quantities. The car is so loudly boomed and trumpeted in the Press that people who can afford to pay for them and also afford to run them (together with many who cannot), have up till now been tumbling over each other to secure one of the latest models, even to the extent of paying a smart premium on the proper price, whereas the "small" man is shy, and coy, and only parts with his money in the end with great reluctance. One can remark that the day of the modest man has dawned, but that its sun is an unreasonable time in climbing into his zenith is only too evident.

Fashions

On the other hand Fashion, fickle jade, did not have it entirely her own way. The horizontal engine has renewed its youth, and besides its chief exemplar, the Wolseley, one can quote from memory the James and Brown, Lea and Francis, Wilson-Pilcher, Arrol-Johnston, Brushmobile, and Albany, together with the Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars all so fitted. In fact, it is now only the British and American makers who have the courage to be original at all, whereas the Continental manufacturers merely vie with each other in copying the latest fad. Can anything be more hideous than an exaggerated honeycomb radiator, which resembles, as it comes along the road end on, nothing more than a perambulating meat safe? Many of our people never bothered about it. Why should they? It is not so practical as a gilled radiator, and if it *does* cool the water excessively, that is just what is not required. The combustion engine is a heat engine, and the hotter the walls of the cylinder remain the more efficient is the output of the engine—up to a certain limit—which is pretty close to boiling point. The water is better *not* cooled below 180 degrees. What gives the Wolseley its peculiar grace is the lines of the bonnet, it would look far less satisfactory with this ugly fitment above alluded to, and so with many others. Let us trust that this coffin-shaped contraption, with its evil and troublesome fan, is only here to-day—to be gone to-morrow.

Minerva

One of the most noticeable features was the adoption by many firms of the three-cylinder engine, and of these the Minerva was an interesting example, in fact it was, at a moderate price, the most attractive *chassis* in the whole Show to the writer. Its three cylinders are independent, and so may be very easily removed without "taking down" the whole engine and upsetting all the electric timing as is the normal state of things with many four-cylinder cars. Fifteen horse-power, which is a very reasonable power for a light touring car, is developed, and the car should run with delightful smoothness, as it has exceptionally long and flat springs, with chain transmission. The frame is of armoured hickory wood, and engine and gear box are carried on

a steel underframe. To those, and there are many, who have in years past used the Minerva engine on motor cycles, this motor will need no commendation. The cylinders are small, most beautifully finished, and not smeared with that cloak of aluminium paint which, like charity, so often covers a multitude of sins. At the price, without tyres or Tonneau, £260; with these, £340, I could see nothing to come near it for general excellence, and I confidently recommend anyone needing a car of this horse-power to have a real good look at it.

Brougham Tops

It is freely stated that considerable business was done at the Show in vehicles having removable brougham tops. It appears now that at the back of the mind of the up-to-date buyer there is a haunting notion that the modern motor-car, instead of being merely a toy to play about with at high speed in wind, rain, and dust, has certain potentialities for comfort and real utility. We shall hear more—*much* more of the covered-in body anon.

Hat Pegs

So great is the power of the suction of the fan at the back of a freak radiator, that even when standing still we are boastfully informed that a silk hat will be held in position if placed on the centre of the "honeycomb," thus doing away with any necessity for hatpegs. Always nice we *all* know "to have somewhere to hang your hat up." When will all this "punkah" nonsense cease? Why take so much power from the engine, in order to drive a fan which it is not necessary to have at all?

Carburine

After trying the whole of the different motor spirits, of varying density, I have settled down to carburine, which I have been using off and on for three years. This is nothing but pure petroleum spirit, of a regular density of 700, and contains no bye-products of coal-tar, such as benzol, much less any picric acid, as has been ignorantly asserted by some. It appears to give absolutely no deposit on valves or in the combustion chamber, and is remarkably free from any smell in the exhaust. The true test of motor spirit is as to what it is "on the dish" and not only as to what it is called "on the *menu*." Carburine was good enough for M. Jenatzy to win the Gordon-Bennett Cup with, and therefore I opine that it is good enough for me.

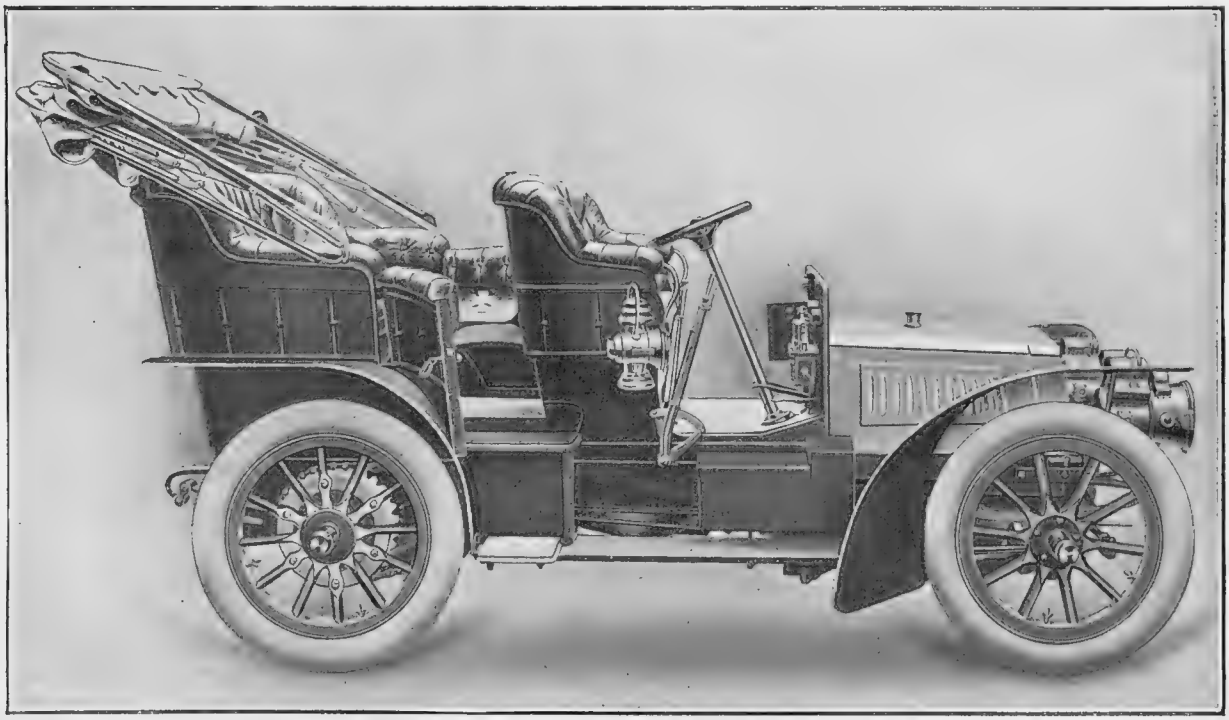
Léon Bollée

Standing quite apart from all the other French exhibits at the Show was this magnificent vehicle, which, in its sheen of delicate blue paint and pigskin-leather upholstery, was the most striking, as well as being perhaps the most ultra-modern of all the vehicles shown there. For speed, lightness, and elegance, excepting perhaps the new Mercédès, and the larger de Dietrichs, there was nothing to approach it. In running, it is literally as silent as a clock. One wonders to what greater pitch of refinement can the internal combustion engine possibly be carried.

Brushmobile

This handy little voiturette is a good type of the very cheapest of the practical, small cars which were to be seen. It has a slow running horizontal engine, bore and stroke 4in. by 5in., with two gears, and a top speed of twenty-five miles an hour. A somewhat careful inspection led me to the conclusion that the engine and construction appear to be particularly strong and sound, and, at the price, should be quite a satisfactory article to invest in.

C. G. Matson.



Twenty-four h.-p. Panhard Phaeton

In the Shires.

The Waning Season

The intensely cold winds that graced the end of February have done their work, and dried up the ground to such an extent that, unless a return visit of wet weather intervenes, the hunting season is likely to come to an early and rather abrupt conclusion. Though the saturated state of the land has conduced to many packs having had sport where, under the dry conditions of previous years, scent has been poor and foxes hard to find; still, on the whole, it is doubtful whether the season now being brought to a close will be looked back on as particularly enjoyable. In the more fashionable countries, where the going is usually perfect, the land has been almost invariably a quagmire, while there has been ample evidence that a good holding scent and saturated pastures are, as a rule, incompatible. For huntsmen the season has been exceptionally trying, for if horses dislike galloping through mud, hounds detest it too, while the amount of water on the land has caused foxes to run even more erratically than is their wont.

Changes of Mastership

If at one time the outlook was overcast with gloom by rumours of many impending resignations, some of which have unhappily proved only too true, it must be admitted that the critical time of year has passed away, to reveal the prospect for the future brighter than could have been hoped. In the Shires, matters bid fair to proceed without substantial alteration, the Master of the Quorn having acceded to the universal request that he should continue in office. The Bedale in Mr. Mowbray, the Sinnington in Lord Helmsley, the Oakley in Mr. Esmé Arkwright, have new masters of whom great things may be expected, while Mr. C. K. Norman and Captain D. Boles have, by sterling service to the cause of sport, proved themselves fully qualified to preside over the Essex and Suffolk and West Somerset countries respectively. In the West country there are still some vacancies unfilled, though with regard to the Lamerton and Mid-Devon countries it is possible that a migration in one case, and in the other the return to office of a former master may accommodate matters. The Exmoor Foxhounds are still without a master, but hunting in that delightful region has become so popular of recent years that the country should not go begging.

Hunt Servants

As the season closes without revealing any very sensational changes of executives, so it seems unlikely that many important alterations will be made in the list of hunt servants. In the Quorn country Bishopp has unquestionably added largely

Photo by **Fred Cox** *Newman*

The veteran huntsman, who, upon his retirement from the Rothschild Staghounds, after 45 years' service, was presented with a purse of £350

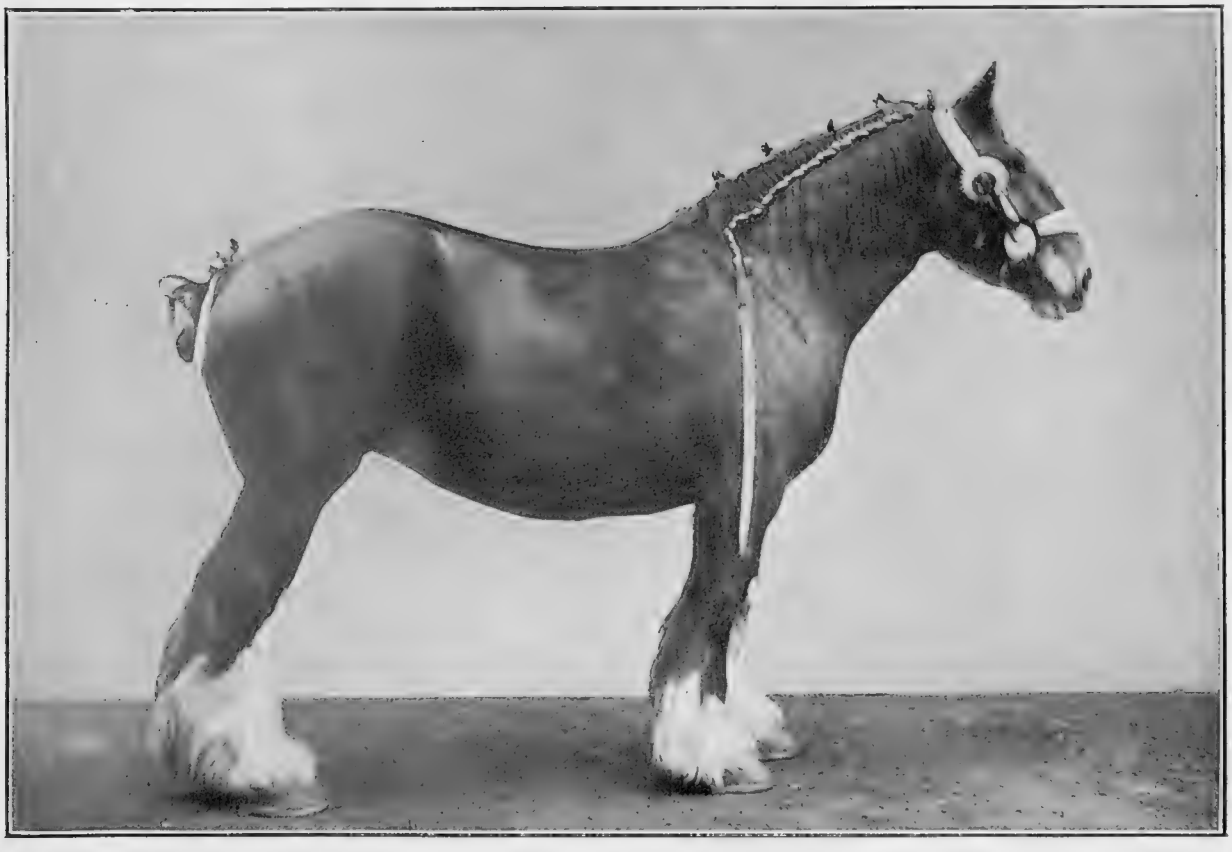
to his reputation, and if, with the Cottesmore, Thatcher has been unable to maintain the stupendous record of sport that marked his earlier efforts, it should be borne in mind that his marvellously quick methods are not facilitated by excessively wet ground. In a rapid survey it is, perhaps, difficult to point to exceptional promise among the younger huntsmen without ignoring many who are fully entitled to the distinction. James Dawson, however, has shown no ordinary talent in the Woodland Pytchley country, while followers of the Essex Union are loud in their praises of the sport with which George Tongue has provided them, and George Sharpe's first season with Lord Portman has been a success. Of the seniors, Jack Brown, despite a disappointing start and recent casualties, has more than justified his high rank in his profession, while Joe Lawrence deserves congratulation on his promotion to higher responsibilities with the Oakley Hounds. Of huntsmen who may be seeking new situations through changes of mastership, mention should be made of George Shepherd (the Blankney), and Tom Darch, (West Kent), both of whom have done so well as to recommend them for any vacancies that may occur.

L. J. B.

CHAMPIONS FROM THE RECENT SHIRE HORSE SHOW

Lord Rothschild's 4-year-old Shire Stallion, Birdsall Menestrel, who took Champion Honours in his Class for the Second Year Running

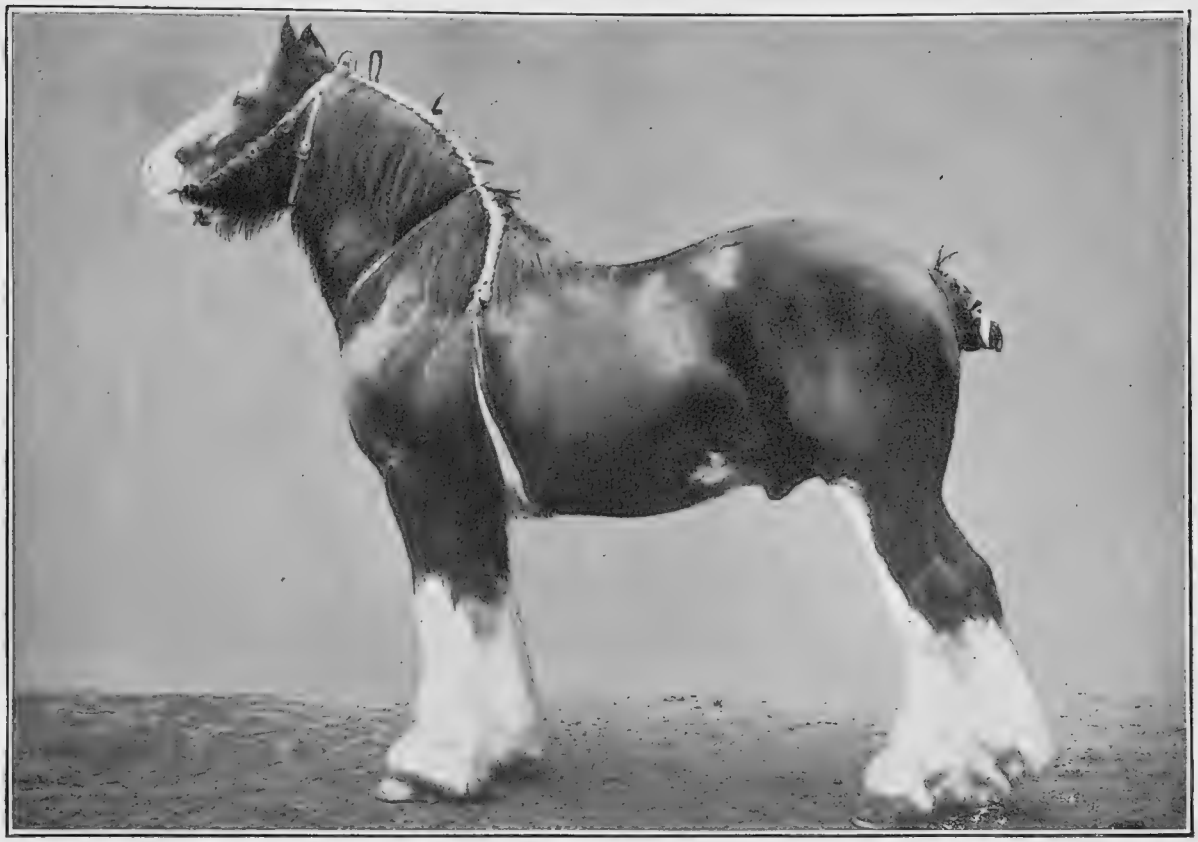
Birdsall Menestrel was bred by Lord Middleton and sired by Menestrel. His success this year, although a popular one, was only by a narrow margin, Lord Egerton's Tatton Friar running him very close



Messrs. W. and J. Thompson's 5-year-old Mare, Desford Countess, Champion of the Class of Mares 16.2 and Over

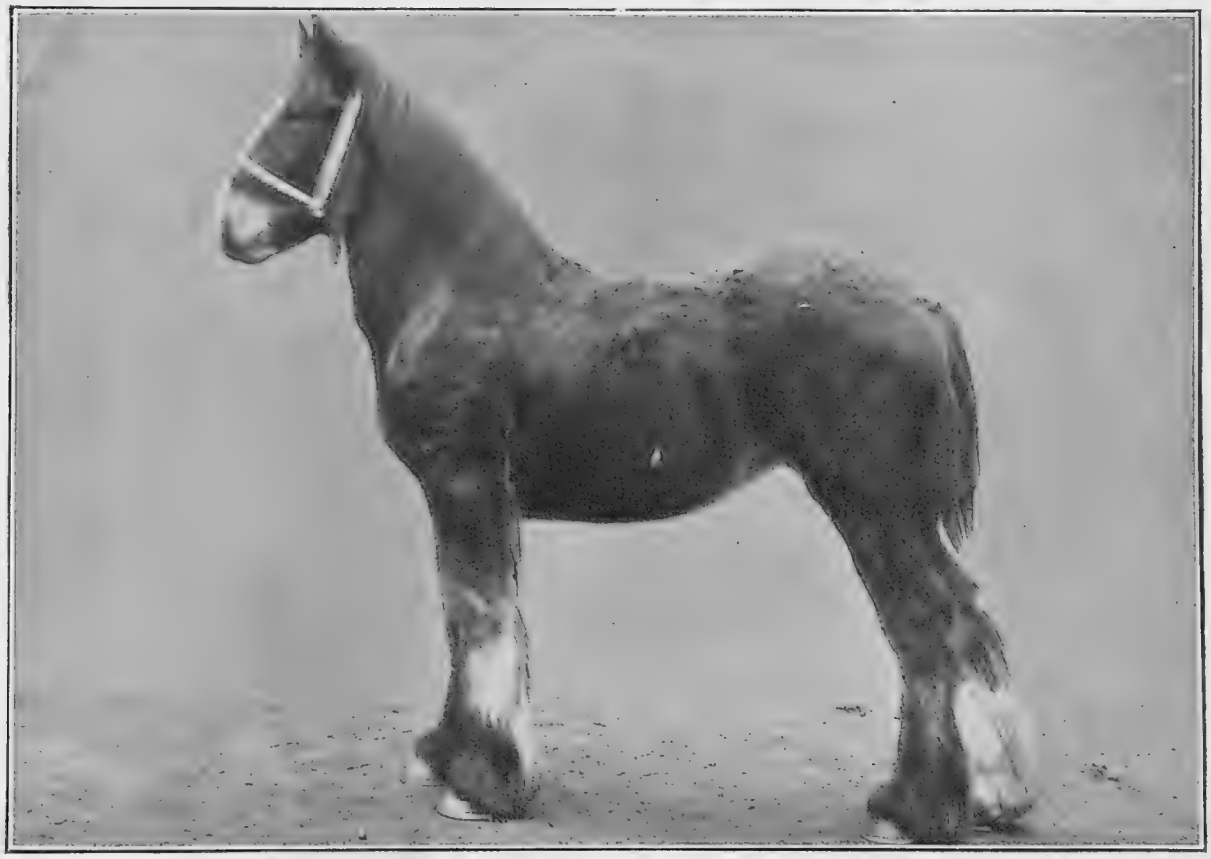
Desford Countess was bred by Mr. George Bass, and is a splendid specimen of a brood mare, her walk being described as a "long easy step"

HELD AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON



Mr. J. B. Brooks's 2-year-old Stallion, Tatton Monarch, Champion in his Class at the Shire Horse Show

Tatton Monarch was bred by Earl Egerton, his sire being The Forest Chief. He is described as having big joints and legs and a strong back, though having too much white in his marking for a shire



Mr. J. L. Harrison's Yearling Filly, Pailton Sorais, which took Champion Honours at the Show

Pailton Sorais is a promising bay by Lockinge Forest King. The honours were closely contested in this class, the second place going to Mr. H. H. Smith Carington's Folville Valentine, the King's filly, Dunsmore Nightingale, coming third

THE MOTOR IN AGRICULTURE

The "Ivel" Motor—an Admirable Invention for every Agriculturist, but Especially for the Colonies, where Horseflesh is Expensive and Short-lived—Can Perform every Possible Job on the Farm, from Cutting Chaff to Conveying Produce to Market

The "Ivel," the Cost of which is £300, Drawing a Three-Furrow Plough. The "Ivel" is a British-made Machine

SPORT OF THE MONTHS—AND OF THE WEATHER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Royal Liverpool Golf Club

Few clubs can boast of having done as much in the interests of the sport with which they are associated as the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. From the date of its foundation, in 1869, till the present day, the club has been the leading golf club in England, and has, during that time, been instrumental in bringing about two of the great fixtures of the golfing year, viz., the Amateur Championship, and the international match between Scottish and English amateurs. Besides this, it has also produced a school of magnificent players, such as Johnny Ball, H. H. Hilton, Charles Hutchings, and "Jack" Graham. It gives me peculiar pleasure to be writing about the great Hoylake Club, as it owes its inception to two of my uncles, namely, Robert Chambers and James Muir Dowie, the former a great golfer in his day, and winner of an embryo amateur championship, in 1858, at St. Andrews, and the latter the captain for the first two years of the club's existence.

The Holyake Course

The best criterion of a golf course is the players whom it produces. Judged by this criterion, Hoylake takes a very high place indeed among the great links of the kingdom, ranking, in the opinion of many, as second only to the greatest of all—St. Andrews. The players I have mentioned above go far to prove this assertion, while the average of play among the rank and file of members is very high. It would be strange indeed were this not so, given the enthusiasm for golf of the Liverpool district, with its many fine courses, and the peculiar excellence of the Hoylake course. Like St. Andrews, Hoylake teaches its children the necessity of a varied assortment of strokes for the successful surmounting of the difficulties of its course, and, like St. Andrews, it has that thin, hard turf which makes the game so much more difficult and so much more beneficial as a stern educator of great golfers than "fluffy" links. Lying, as it does, between the mouths of the Mersey and the Dee, Hoylake is peculiarly open to all the wicked winds that blow, and the golfer who goes there may practise to his heart's content the science of wind-cheating, as expounded by its great sons, Mr. Hilton and Mr. Low. Any golfer who has not yet visited the course had better hasten to repair his omission, and I can promise him that he will never regret his visit. At Hoylake he will find himself in a veritable Eldorado of golf; for, besides that course, there are many more of the first excellence within easy reach of his headquarters. They do things well from every

Mr. John Graham, Junior, Finishes a Stroke in Fine Style

Mr. Charles Hutchings, Winner of the Last Golf Amateur Championship that Took Place at Hoylake

point of view at Hoylake, and a glance at the club house, represented in our illustration, will show that the Liverpool golfers appreciate the fact that a fine course and a great club deserve a correspondingly fine and great club-house.

Mr. Charles Hutchings

As the winner of the last Amateur Championship that took place at Hoylake, it is eminently fitting that Mr. Charles Hutchings should have the *pas* accorded to him among the players whose photographs are published this week. I am delighted to hear that his club has made him a life member in recognition of his winning the Amateur Championship and of his many services to golf. No member ever more truly merited the honour he has just received. Ever since Mr. Hutchings took to golf, at the late age, for a beginner, of thirty-one, he has been a commanding figure in the golfing world. He soon rose to the front rank, and has always been a tough nut for anyone to crack. But he never, somehow, produced his best game in the Amateur Championship until the year of his brilliant victory, and his many admirers began to despair of his ever securing premier honours, as time was slipping on, and the younger ranks of golfers were pressing on and threatening to bar him out for ever. But those who thought that a man over fifty could not be expected to emerge victorious from a long and trying ordeal like the Amateur Championship reckoned without their host. I am sorry to say that the strain of this great effort told on Mr. Hutchings's health, and he has been absent from all competitions for some time. Let us hope that this year may again find him in the forefront of the battle, fighting with his former vigour. We cannot spare him from the ranks of the golfing army, and we all hope that we may have, for many years to come, the benefit of his sound judgment on the rules of Golf Committee and of his brilliant abilities on the links.

Mr. John Graham, jun.

Mr. Graham is the youngest of the four great Hoylake players, and carries on the great traditions of that school in a most brilliant manner. Still, although *omnium consensu capax imperii*, he has not yet achieved the imperial purple; in other words, he has not yet secured championship honours. Still, with Mr. Hutchings's example before him, he has a long stretch of years in which to make good his title. That his gifts as a player make him equal to the task, none who has ever seen him play can doubt; but there is no question that the ever-rising tide of golfing capacity makes this amateur championship a severer test each year, and those who win must not only be fine players, but also possess a powerful physique and iron nerves. Good nerve Mr. Graham possesses, but it may be doubted whether his physique is strong enough to carry him successfully through a series of encounters spread over the best part of a week. He is a delightful player to watch, and hits amazingly hard, the ball having a long, low flight, with a slight hook adding to its length. Like all Hoylake players, he is a master of all his iron clubs, and, in these last few years, seems to have thoroughly got the measure of his formidable club mates, as the record of his frequent successes against them in the club competitions amply testifies. The illustration is an excellent example of the finish of his stroke.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Club House of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake

MY LADY OF ROSEDALE

By ST. JOHN HANKIN

(London playgoers have had an opportunity of seeing MR. COMYNS CARR'S *"Lady of Rosedale." Here is mine. Stripped of all high-flown sentiment and romantic tomfoolery, and viewed in the dry light of common sense, the plot becomes quite a bearable one, and if the heart of* M. CAPUS *is still bleeding from* MR. CARR'S *adaptation of his play—as I suspect it is—my version, I hope, will stanch the wound.)*

SCENE: *The terrace at Rosedale Court.* SYLVIA FITZALLEN *and* LADY PROTHERO *discovered exchanging feline amenities over their coffee after luncheon.*

LADY P. And so you have really found a purchaser for Rosedale, dear?

SYLVIA. Yes, Mr. Ralph Wigram.

LADY P. And for a good price?

SYLVIA (*nods*). A very good price.

LADY P. Thirty thousand pounds! *Much* more than the place was worth!

SYLVIA (*calmly*). Possibly. But, after all, a thing is *worth* whatever anybody is willing to give for it, isn't it? That's Political Economy. An opal would be worth nothing if nobody wanted to wear it.

LADY P. No doubt. Still, in view of the peculiar circumstances—— (*Pauses elaborately.*)

SYLVIA (*politely interrogative*). The peculiar circumstances——?

LADY P. I mean, considering you are about to divorce your husband . . . .

SYLVIA. Well?

LADY P. And that . . . . well, that Mr. Wigram is the purchaser . . . .

(*Enter* FOOTMAN *ushering in middle-aged gentleman*)

FOOTMAN. Mr. Ralph Wigram. (*exit* FOOTMAN).

WIGRAM. How do you do Mrs. Fitzallen? How do you do Lady Prothero?

SYLVIA. How do you do Mr. Wigram? (*shakes hands*). Won't you sit down? Lady Prothero was just speaking of you.

WIGRAM. Indeed?

LADY P. My dear Sylvia!

SYLVIA. Yes, about your purchase of Rosedale.

WIGRAM (*urbanely*). I'd no idea Lady Prothero had an interest in Rosedale. Not a mortgage I hope?

LADY P. (*confused*). Oh, no; nothing of that sort.

WIGRAM. (*blandly*) Then I don't understand.

LADY P. (*recovering self-possession*) Come, come, Mr. Wigram, you understand perfectly well. You admire Mrs. Fitzallen (*to* SYLVIA *sweetly*). Yes he does, dear. We all do.

WIGRAM. Yes?

LADY P. (*growing angry*) And so you come down and buy Rosedale for twice as much as it is worth. Oh, I've heard all about it; your fantastic visit here, with a contract of sale, all ready for signature, in your pocket, the furtive, unbusiness-like way in which the whole thing was done, no lawyers, no witnesses, no anything. There's no use trying to hoodwink *me!*

WIGRAM (*astonished*) My dear Lady Prothero, this is an hallucination. Do, please, tell me where this extraordinary fairy tale came from?

LADY P. (*hotly*). Never mind where it came from. It's true.

WIGRAM (*blandly*). On the contrary, believe me, there's not a word of truth in it. I may have paid more than the place is worth. These fifteenth century ruins often fetch fancy prices, you know. But the story about my coming here in person and buying the

place with a cheque over the counter is absurd on the face of it. People don't do those things. I instructed my solicitors to purchase it, and they communicated with Mrs. Fitzallen's solicitors in the usual way. I told them to offer thirty thousand pounds because it seemed to me worth thirty thousand pounds. I'm not a house agent, you know. Mrs. Fitzallen's solicitors accepted my offer. And there's an end of it.

LADY P. (*fiercely*). But you *did* come here to see the place. You came over with us.

WIGRAM (*calmly*). Of course I did. Why not? I saw the place and then instructed my lawyers to buy it. But the fantastic negotiations between myself and Mrs. Fitzallen, which you describe, never took place and never could have taken place outside a sentimental novel. The idea is preposterous.

LADY P. Well, anyhow, you're in love with Sylvia. I believe you've actually proposed to her—though the divorce proceedings haven't even begun yet!

WIGRAM (*suavely*). That, dear lady, is another delusion of yours. Mrs. Fitzallen, as you rightly point out, is not yet free. She will be, however, in a year or so from now. Now, I am of an impetuous temperament, I know, but I'm neither a cad nor a fool. To make love to her and to ask her to marry me before she has divorced Fitzallen would be the act of both. I have not done so.

LADY P. (*angrily*). Well, you won't get the county to believe *that*—or Mr. Fitzallen either.

WIGRAM. That seems to me of minor importance.

LADY P. That is not Mr. Fitzallen's view. He is coming here this afternoon to communicate the fact to Sylvia.

SYLVIA (*breaking in*). Coming *here*?

LADY P. Yes, my dear. In half an hour.

SYLVIA. I shall decline to receive him. He may say what he has to say by letter—to my solicitors.

LADY P. (*sweetly*). He would rather do it in person. You see he has another little matter to inform you of.

SYLVIA (*haughtily*). I'm afraid I take no interest in anything Mr. Fitzallen has to tell me.

LADY P. You will in this, dear. He has decided to oppose your petition for divorce.

SYLVIA (*icily*). That will not prevent me from obtaining it.

LADY P. We shall see! Meantime he is going to carry off your son as a hostage.

SYLVIA (*laughing*). Carry off little Jack? My dear Lady Prothero, what *will* be the good of that?

LADY P. (*sweetly*). Well, you see, dear, you're devoted to little Jack. You can't live without him. So, directly he gets little Jack into his possession, you'll capitulate at once. Bursting into tears you'll cry: "He has carried off my son, my little son! Boohoo! I must go back to him. I must return to his roof—or rather take him back to mine. No other course is open to me!" And down will come the curtain on wife and husband re-united!

SYLVIA (*compassionately*). My dear Lady Prothero, are you quite *well*?

LADY P. (*puzzled*). *Well*?

SYLVIA. Yes. I feared you had taken leave of your senses. (*Soothingly.*) Only temporarily, of course. Still, I don't like the symptoms.

LADY P. (*crossly*). What do you mean?

SYLVIA. You see, dear, we are English men and women, living in the nineteenth century, not Italian bandits. I am sorry to bother you with legal technicalities, but, when the English Courts give me my divorce, they will also decide who is to have the custody of little Jack. As my husband is the guilty

party, they will unquestionably give my son to me. And if my husband were to get him away from me now by a trick, I could at once get him back by an appeal to the Court. No! No! My husband is weak and dissolute, but he's not an absolute imbecile. He won't do anything of that sort.

LADY P. (*rising indignantly*). Sylvia, you're unbearable. You've no heart whatever. When I tell you something which would make the average heroine burst into tears and *howl* with anguish, you don't turn a hair! I hate logical women; they make all drama impossible. Good-bye. (*Flounces out.*)

WIGRAM (*after watching her off*). Routed, by Jove! (*Rises*) And now I think I must be going.

SYLVIA. Won't you wait for tea?

WIGRAM. I think not. Not to-day. Indeed, I may say I'm going to be away for some months.

SYLVIA (*blankly*). You're going away?

WIGRAM. Yes. These people gossip so. But I shall return, Mrs. Fitzallen—when you are free! (*Looks into her eyes as he shakes her hand; then exit.*) CURTAIN.

The Play in London

By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

I seem to be always hearing of new "Schools of Acting" nowadays. Quite recently Mr. Tree's venture in that direction was trumpeted to the world. Now it is the turn of Mr. Gordon Craig. *Par nobile fratrum!* There is a story, by the way, of Mr. Tree's "School," which may or may not be new to THE BYSTANDER'S readers. It tells of two men, an actor and a critic, who met in the *foyer* of His Majesty's Theatre when the scheme was first mooted. "So Tree is going to start a School of Acting. I wonder why?" said the one. "Don't know," replied the other. "Wants to go to it I suppose." Wild horses will not drag from me the secret of which remark was made by the actor and which by the critic.

Anyhow, Mr. Tree's school has started, or is about to start, and Mr. Gordon Craig's will open at 167, King's Road, Chelsea, on March 28. The curriculum in each case is an ambitious one. Mr. Craig's school is going to teach acting, singing, dancing, scene-painting, besides training costumiers, illuminators, "and other skilled craftsmen." Mr. Tree's, in addition to these things, or perhaps in substitution for some of them, proposes to train members of Parliament to address political meetings, and clergymen to make themselves audible to their parishioners. I said the programmes were ambitious.

But I am far from wishing to laugh at these schools of acting, or any similar schools which I expect to see started in the next few months. On the contrary, I wish them all possible success. Heaven knows there is plenty of room for teaching on the English stage, and if our leading actors, not to speak of the small fry, could only be taught to speak clearly and pronounce correctly, the gain to dramatic art would be enormous. But who the dickens is to teach them? Not Mr. Tree, I trust. And not, I trust, Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. Craig had much better give his time to the painting of impressionist scenery, which is perfectly charming in small quantities and for certain kinds of plays.

I suppose I shall be told that competent experts will be provided for instructing pupils in the various branches, and that elocution will by no means be forgotten. I'm sure I hope it won't. The elocution of the modern London stage is absolutely heart-rending. I went the other night to the Court to hear *Romeo and Juliet*, and Romeo's enunciation, especially when he spoke rapidly, made me gasp. "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!" I cried, not because the joke is at all new; it is quite the reverse; but because I could not help myself.

Seriously, the art of elocution has been disgracefully neglected on the London stage for the best part of a generation. I suppose the reason is to be found in the clever young ladies with very pretty faces who are so very pretty and so very clever that they dazzle public and managers alike, with the result that they are given parts—often extremely prominent and responsible parts—before they have learnt their business. After that, of course, they never do learn it. How should they? They haven't time. And, besides, it is no longer necessary. They are established in popular favour, and all further need of effort is at an end. To strive to improve themselves in their art would be to paint the lily.

The result of this is, that it is almost impossible for a person with a moderately sensitive ear to enter a London theatre nowadays without suffering torments. And I dare say the provincial companies are not much better. How many of our actresses can pronounce "incompatible" on the stage properly? Half of them call it "incompaterble." How many of them are conscious that "real" is a dissyllable and "ideal" a trisyllable? They usually call them "reel" and "ideel" respectively. I remember an actress of considerable experience and talent who always pronounced hospitable with the stress on the "pit." And the worst of it was the Pit didn't resent it. They were so used to faulty enunciation that they made no protest. Nobody tore up the benches. Besides these special instances of vulgarisms in pronunciation, there are the more general kinds of incapacity. There are the actors who lisp, and the actors who stutter, and the actors who gabble their words, many of whom, by physical misfortune, never can be made to speak properly and ought never to have adopted the stage as a calling. And it would be a mistake to imagine that these defects are found only in the lower ranks of the profession. The evil is widespread, almost universal.

Yes, there is plenty of work for "Schools of Acting." I only hope they'll be able to do it. And there is one particular stage trick which I would beg them to war against. It is the pronunciation of "my" as if it were "me." This vulgarism is so venerable, so established, that it tries to escape censure as "tradition." But it is a bad tradition, as all slurring of vowels is bad at bottom. The evil is specially common in blank verse drama and in Shakespeare. Actors in modern prose plays, and in drawing-room comedies, to do them justice, often break themselves of the habit. But it is a mark of bad and slovenly elocution, whether in verse or prose. Go and hear Mrs. Campbell. I don't pretend that she excels in blank verse, but at least she pronounces her "my's." And what a relief it is to the ear! how musical after the slovenly "me heart" and "me honour" of the average performer! Oh, Mr. Craig, teach the rising generation of actors to say "my," and I'll gladly puff your scenery!

Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship at Lingfield—Ten Miles

Over 200 Competitors Cross the Line

A. R. Churchill (Ranelagh H.) H. E. Butcher (Isledon H.) J. E. Deakin (Herne Hill H.) A. G. Horne (Highgate H.)

A Few of the Leaders

Photos by A. Shrubb (Winner) Leading at the First Lap *[Baker and Dixon*

A. Shrubb (South London Harriers) romped home an easy winner by about 350 yards, thus making his fourth consecutive winning of the championship

MATTERS MUSICAL

Heard at the Club

Notwithstanding the spread of musical culture in this country, there is still a little missionary work to be done, as the following story, which I know to be genuine, shows. The scene was a well-known club in the vicinity of the Strand, and the time was last Saturday week. A member, who had been decoyed that afternoon by a friend to Queen's Hall to hear the Tschaikowsky Symphony, strolled into the club, where he found a friend, playing billiards. "Hullo," said the latter, "where have you been?" "Queen's Hall," was the reply. Such evidence of musical taste impressed the other man, who asked, "What was on?" "Tschaikowsky," was the reply. "Ah, I have heard him myself," said the billiard player. "He can play the violin, can't he?" Another recent story, also quite genuine, is that of the two ladies, heard talking in Queen's Hall after Elgar's *Sea Pictures*, had been sung. Said one, "What beautiful music these Norwegians write," and her friend answered, "Yes, if only an English composer would write songs like those." I cannot resist the temptation to wind up with a story, perhaps new to many of my readers, of a rich but ignorant manufacturer in the North, who was asked to come to a lecture on Schumann's pianoforte works. "Yes," said he, "certainly I will. But tell me, are those the ones just outside——"

A Composers' Society

In these days the Trades Union idea, unfortunately, permeates even art. I observe that an International Incorporated Society of Composers has been formed, with Richard Strauss as president, and Mr. Hugo Görlitz, the well-known concert agent, as secretary for English-speaking countries. The controllers of the Wagner and Brahms copyrights have joined the society, which will demand a fee for every public performance of a work belonging to a composer (who is a member). I presume the object of all this is to increase the revenues of composers, an object which has my entire sympathy, for they usually get far too little out of their works. But I do not think that this is the way to do it. Most publishers in this country have held—and rightly, too, I think—that the way to put money in the pockets of themselves (and the composers) was to encourage public performances of works as much as possible, and therefore it has usually been considered that the purchase of a score, or orchestral parts, or a song, or an instrumentul solo, carried with it the right of public performance. Anyway, I do not think our publishers will welcome this society, which might cause a new state of affairs to prevail in the concert-room.

The "Dream of Gerontius"

Elgar's great *chef d'œuvre* was heard for the first time in a London concert-hall on February 15, when the London Choral Society gave the work at Queen's Hall. The performance was good and correct, but not inspiriting. Mr. Arthur Fagge, who conducted, has not that temperamental gift so necessary for a work of this kind, neither did he appear to have his orchestral forces well in hand. It is necessary to be something more than a conductor of a choral society to do *Gerontius* properly. But I give Mr. Fagge the credit of having trained his chorus very well; they sang with scarcely any mistakes, and the "Demon" chorus was quite good.

Mr. Percy Pitt as Composer

Four new orchestral songs from the pen of the Queen's Hall accompanist were heard at the last Symphony Concert, sung by Madame Kirkby Lunn. The most satisfactory of the four was the third one, "Mandolin," in which the composer gets a beautiful mandolin effect in the orchestra by means of strings, harps, and wood-wind. The others appeared to me to be lacking in idea, although beautifully scored.

Miss Winifred Heming, Aged 10

A well-known child harpist, who has played many hundred times in public one of her most notable appearances being at the Albert Hall, at the Thanksgiving Concert for the Relief of Ladysmith. On this occasion she was presented with the harp (seen in the illustration) by the choir and audience

Mrs. Newmarch's "Henry J. Wood"

The first of "Living Masters of Music" has made its appearance, and Mrs. Rosa Newmarch has written a delightful little monograph on Henry J. Wood. The question has been debated—apropos of this series—as to whether it does not spoil an artist to say too much about him while he is alive, but my own idea on the subject is that the really great artist is helped immeasurably by praise and attention, for he is given a high standard up to which he will have to live in future, and this is a great spur to put forth his very best, provided always—as I say—that he is the true artist. Mrs. Newmarch's book, besides giving us interesting biographical details and a glimpse into the inner life of our greatest English conductor, contains, incidentally, some thoughtful remarks on musical art generally. The writer has pointed out one of the real diseases which has afflicted English music in the past, is still doing so, and would do so to a greater extent if the academies had their way. Here we have it:

> What might be described as the oratorio industry has absorbed the best and the worst of our musical material for nearly two centuries. The English musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had set the Bible several times over to music of a colourless and tepid kind.

And later on:

> . . . . There was, of course, some excuse for the men of promise and the men of incapacity who wrote their innumerable Hezekiah's, Jeremiah's, Jonah's, and Joshua's, and celebrated all the prophets, virgins, and martyrs in oratorio during the nineteenth century; it was almost the only form in which, by the medium of some festival performance, they could hope to reach the ears of the British public. To look into catalogues and dictionaries which hold, like so many sarcophagi, all that remains of these countless oratorios and cantatas, is to shiver with depression.

I have no space to speak further of this book, but can assure my readers it is well worth getting.

With or Without the Music?

I fancy that a good many people at the last Symphony Concert were surprised to see M. Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, play the piano part of the Mozart Concerto from a score. But it is quite a modern custom that *virtuosi* should play solos in public from memory. Thirty or forty years ago, most pianists played from music, and I believe Liszt was the first to introduce the new style. The late Sir Charles Hallé never played without a score in front of him. I cannot help thinking that it is better to do without the music. In the first place the task of memorising the work has given the player such familiarity with its technical part that he can devote himself wholly to the intellectual side of the performance. And if one has music, the turning over is always a difficulty.

Mr. Wood's Haydn and Mozart Readings

This Symphony Concert, by the way, was one of the most enjoyable Mr. Wood has given us lately. The Haydn C major Symphony was most delightfully played, and so were the accompaniments to the Mozart Concerto. Then, for contrast, we had Brahms's fine Variations on a theme by Haydn, and Strauss's *Don Juan*.

Photo by *Walinger*

Mr. Charles Clarke

Who has been pleasing musical critics by his singing

Royalty and Music

It is very satisfactory to observe the increased interest which the King and Queen are taking in musical life in London nowadays. At the last Philharmonic Concert both their Majesties were present, and they have also taken the Royal box at Covent Garden for the three days' Elgar Festival. Such interest cannot but be most beneficial to the cause of music in the Metropolis.

The "Star" System

I fancy that a good many people in the musical world will rejoice at the recent decision of M. Conried (of the New York Metropolitan Opera House) to abolish the "star" system. The tyranny of these "stars" in their dealings with managers, their absurdly exorbitant fees, are things which help to ruin musical art. For in consequence of these huge prices managers are compelled to cut down expenses in other directions, which often means poor choruses, bad artists for minor parts, inferior orchestra, and other evils. The consequence is that, as a whole, the performances undoubtedly suffer. But the most curious part of it is that there are many other artists with voices as fine, sometimes better than the aforesaid "stars," and who are infinitely more musicians at heart, and their price is a quarter, or less, than that of the "stars." The latter might soon be brought to their senses if managers were only courageous enough to combine together and act.

H. J. C.

Annesley Hall

We publish this week two photographs of the beautiful seventeenth century terrace at Annesley Hall, the seat of Mrs. Chaworth Musters. This is a good instance of the way in which Elizabethan garden architecture was made to conform to that of the house, so that the parterre and its accompanying walks, terraces, garden houses, tanks, gateways, and all the accessories with which the builders of the Renaissance loved to surround their dwellings, should be, as it were, an open-air continuation of the design of the house itself. Those were the days of small gardens. "Great cages make the bird never a whit the better," wrote Gervase Markham; and, in fact, it was only in the days of Queen Elizabeth that the pleasure-garden, of which the chief crop should be flowers, began to be an object of desire to our ancestors. Before that time gardens were used to grow herbs, vegetables or fruit, and when the new ideas began to be carried out it was natural that the garden court, which was to be a thing of beauty and not of service, should be conceived in small dimensions. Hence the care with which it was designed and constructed, always with a view to its forming a sort of open-air annex to the house itself.

The "Maison Rustique"

In the "Countrie Farme," a book translated from the French, and published in 1600, there is a delightful passage which shows the gardening ideals of the time:

It is a commendable and seemly thing to behold out at a window many acres of ground well tilled and husbanded, whether it be a meadow, a plot for planting of willows, or arable ground as we have stood upon heretofore; but yet it is much more to behold fair and comely proportions, handsome and pleasant arbours, and as it were closets, delightful borders of lavender, rosemary, box, and other such like, to hear the ravishing music of an infinite number of pretty small birds which continually, day and night, do chatter and chant their proper and natural branch-songs upon the hedges and trees of the garden; and to smell so sweet a nosegay so near at hand, seeing that this so fragrant a smell cannot but refresh the Lord of the Farm exceedingly, when going out of his bedchamber in the morning after the sunrise and whiles as yet the clear and pearl-like dew doth perch unto the grass, he giveth himself to hear the melodious music of the bees, which busying themselves in gathering of the same, do also fill the air with a most acceptable sweet and pleasant harmony, besides the borders and continued rows of soveraigne, thyme, balm, rosemary, marjoram, cypers, sothernwood, and other fragrant herbs, the sight and view whereof cannot but give great contentment unto the beholder.

The Terrace at Kenilworth

And we must permit ourselves another quotation from a contemporary description of a terraced garden, at Kenilworth, laid out by Leicester and visited by Queen Elizabeth:

A garden then so appointed, as wherein aloft upon sweet shadowed walk of terrace, in heat of summer to feel the pleasant frisking wind above, or delectable coolness of the fountain spring beneath; to taste of delicious strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, even from their stalks; to smell such fragrancy of sweet odours, breathing from the plants, herbs, and flowers; to hear such natural melodious music and tunes of birds; to have in eye for mirth sometime these underspringing streams;

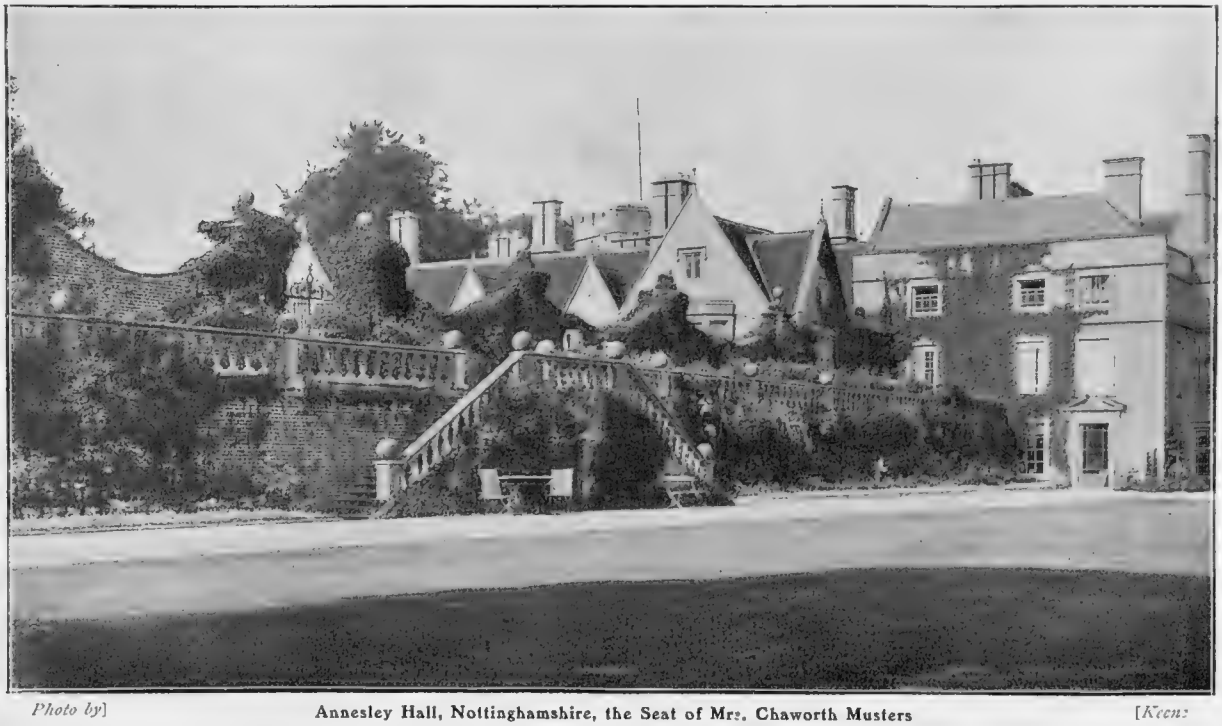


Photo by] **Annesley Hall, Nottinghamshire, the Seat of Mrs. Chaworth Musters** [*Keene*

Part of the west front, showing the lawn and terrace walk, laid out in the fashion of the XVIIth century

[Photo by] **The Terrace at Annesley Hall, Looking West** [Keene
The terrace forms a striking example of Elizabethan garden architecture

then, the woods, the waters (for both pool and chase were hard at hand in sight), the deer, the people (that out of the East arbour in the base Court, also at hand in view), the fruit trees, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, the change in colours, the birds flittering, the fountains streaming, the fish swimming, all in such delectable variety, order, and dignity; whereby at one moment, in one place, at hand, without travel, to have so full fruition of so many God's blessings, by entire delight unto all senses (if all can take) at once; for etonym of the word worthy to be called Paradise: and though not so goodly as Paradise, for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree. Argument most certain of a right noble mind, that in this sort could have thus all contrived.

Sweet Sounds and Scents

In all the old garden books and descriptions of gardens there is continual mention of sweet sounds and sweet scents as forming the chief delights of the garden closes of our forefathers. The shade of trees, the noise of falling waters, the singing of birds, and the scent of herbs and flowers—the old writers laid much more stress on these than on the harvest of the eye. If it was possible to get water by any means, there was always a more or less elaborate fountain in the mediæval garden. And birdcages, or cotes, were common, whether to contain singing birds in a state of captivity, or to provide nesting-places for the wild ones. Sometimes the fountain and birdcage were combined, as at Wimbledon, the country house of Queen Henrietta Maria, where the aviary had "three open turrets, very well wrought, for the sitting and perching of birds; and also having standing in it one very fair and handsome fountain, with three cisterns of lead belonging to it, and many several small pipes of lead, gilded, which, when they flow and fall into the cisterns, make a pleasant noise."

A Garden of Scents

As this is a paper of quotations, one cannot do better than to end with Bacon's description of a garden of sweet scents:

And because the *Breath* of Flowers is far sweeter in the Air (where it comes and goes, like the Warbling of Musick) than in the Hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the *Flowers* and *Plants* that do best perfume the Air. Roses, Damask and Red, are fast Flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a Morning's Dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow; Rosemary little, nor Sweet Marjoram: that which, above all others, yields the *Sweetest Smell* in the Air, is the Violet, specially the White double Violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the Musk Rose; then the Strawberry-Leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the Flower of the Vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a Bent, which grows upon the Cluster in the first coming forth; then Sweet Briar; then Wallflowers, which are very delightful to set under a Parlour or lower Chamber Window; then Pinks, specially the Matted Pink, and Clove Gilliflower; then the Flowers of the Lime-Tree; then the Honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of Bean Flowers I speak not, because they are Field Flowers. But those which *Perfume* the Air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being *Trodden Upon* and *Crushed*, are three; that is Burnet, Wild Thyme, and Water-Mints. Therefore, you are to set whole Alleys of them, to have the Pleasure, when you walk or tread.

It is a delightful idea, that of a garden set aside for the production of sweet scents, and I have known it well carried out in places where there is room for it.

OLD LOWESTOFT CHINA—By ARTHUR HAYDEN

AUTHOR OF *Chats on English China*

What is and what is not Lowestoft china has puzzled collectors for over half a century. It should be understood, says the 1876 catalogue of the National Collection, then in the Geological Museum, that several of the following pieces are exhibited as Lowestoft china simply in deference to the opinions of certain collectors, and not as authenticated specimens.

The recent finds of moulds and fragments of china on the site of the old factory at Lowestoft will do much to overturn theories hitherto held as to *hard* paste being made there.

In December, 1902, in digging a drain under the malt-house of the Crown Brewery, the workmen accidentally discovered a quantity of broken china. It was seen at once that the find was an important one. Owing to the energy of Mr. A. Merrington Smith, of Lowestoft, further excavations were commenced some time later, which resulted in the unearthing, in July last, of several bushels of old Lowestoft fragments and of broken moulds from which china had been made. These pieces have been carefully preserved and are undergoing a complete examination by experts. As a result of the investigation it is understood that, as in the case of the other factories, Lowestoft will be dealt with separately, and its origin and history, together with all the new facts, will be set forth in a sumptuous volume.

Sham Lowestoft Ware, made in France

We are enabled to reproduce, from the collection of Mr. J. U. Yallop, of Lowestoft, several important pieces of old Lowestoft china, specimens, be it said, that have been in the possession of families in the locality, since the days of the old factory.

These early pieces are of white ware, decorated underglaze in blue, and the paste is *soft*. The "Trifle from Lowestoft" is a scarce old mug, and it will be observed that the decorations upon it are far less ornate than upon any of the modern imitations of which we shall speak later.

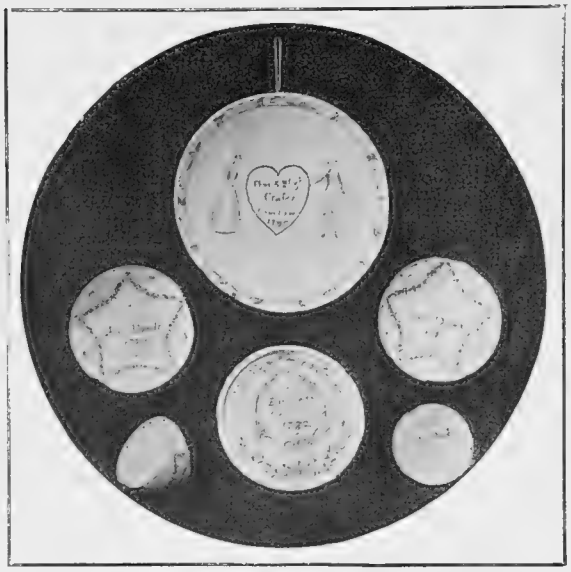
It was a feature of Lowestoft to produce dated pieces. The group we illustrate is of typical Lowestoft decoration. The inscriptions upon the pieces are interesting. The specimen with the heart in the centre supported by the figures of a man and woman, is unique. It may have been a marriage plate, and the names upon it are "Thomas and Elizabeth Crafer, Downham, 1795." The bottom plate has the inscription:—"Eliz. Wyeth, 1782." The other pieces bear the name of "Daniels," and are dated 1782.

Among other fragments found are portions of birthday tablets, similar in character to these we reproduce. These plaques are only three inches in diameter, and upon some of them the date of the death of the person named on the face appears printed on the back.

In the front of this group are some interesting toy cups. It appears that quite an extensive manufacture of these toy sets must have gone on, for a great many of them have recently been discovered. On the two we give there are the initials—"S. L. 1797," and "I. L. 1798." All these are soft paste, blue and white; and it may be observed that the birthday plaque, with the inscription, "Mary Redgrave, born November 19th, 1761," is the earliest known piece of Lowestoft china. The name of Redgrave appears in the list given by Chaffers of the painters at the factory, so that, in all probability, this was struck to commemorate the birth of one of his children.

By an unfortunate classification, much of the Oriental porcelain—of hard paste, of course, and decorated with the armorial bearings of English families—has been wrongly attributed to Lowestoft. There was china made at Lowestoft with crests and coats of arms upon it, but nothing of so elaborate a character as the Oriental decorated china which was

Scarce Old Lowestoft Mug, with Inscription



Dated Lowestoft Ware

In the possession of J. U. Vallop, Esq., Lowestoft

made to the order of Europeans either living in, or in some way connected with, the East.

This blunder seems to have caused a good deal of confusion, because it evidently was the origin of the erroneous notion that Lowestoft made hard paste—that is, true porcelain. This was found to be untenable by collectors, and a further error crept into circulation—that Oriental china was sent to Lowestoft in its white state, and was painted and re-fired there.

There seems to have been a great demand for this china, brilliantly decorated with armorial bearings and festoons of roses, so much so that it has come to be regarded by amateur collectors as of typical Lowestoft pattern. The demand created a supply, and France has kindly filled the market with sham Lowestoft vases, coarsely and gaudily painted with chains of roses, and having the required coats of arms upon them. There are literally thousands of these sham Lowestoft vases and plates and mugs being sent from Paris to this country, to be sold as old Lowestoft to collectors at fashionable watering-places. We give a specimen of this sham Lowestoft ware; we cannot call it an imitation, because Lowestoft never made such a pattern; it is really what the modern French potter thinks Lowestoft ought to be, and he makes it according to his beliefs.

In conclusion, among the many fragments discovered at Lowestoft there is not a single piece that is of *hard* paste, or which bears upon it decorations which have passed current as Lowestoft in the cabinet of many a china collector.

Photos Reproduced by Courtesy of J. U. Vallop, Esq., Lowestoft

Birthday Tablets and Toy Cups (Dated)

(Blue and white: soft paste)

Flounces and Fashion

I often hear a girl whose resources are limited say, "Which is the most important, a good day dress or a good evening dress?" The latter should, perhaps, be awarded the palm, as it is in the evening that the girl has more chance of looking her best in the eyes of the opposite sex, and she generally manages it, too. Evening frocks are being made so fluffy, and so fussy, and so diaphanous of fabric, that they have the appearance of being blown together. Especially pleasant was the bodice of a gown I saw recently made entirely of painted chiffon, in which the predominant note was blue of the palest shade. The whole bodice was swathed and fitted so perfectly round the figure, that it seemed as if it must have been made on the wearer. However, she could rest satisfied that patience brings its own reward, for it looked charming, while the skirt, which assisted towards this happy effect, was very slightly gathered round the waist, only just enough, in fact, to hold it out. The skirt bore, reaching to its edge, a flounce of almost twelve inches deep, under which was inserted a flounce of pale blue corded and gauged taffeta, which did its duty well, both in shimmering through the stuff with excellent effect and in keeping it down and away from the feet. Quite the suggestion of a crinoline this had, but not its ungainly appearance. A new-old idea is to have the hem of the skirt draped like a curtain, and I have seen this in ivory crêpe de chine, the whole edge of which was festooned quite stiffly and regularly, while at the top of each drapery was a tiny flower. I did not like it—it was so much like a fancy dress, and stiff, without being elegant.

The first novelty I have seen this year is connected with an early spring hat—it is a feather of the quill persuasion, into which has been introduced, by some cunning means entirely unknown to me, tiny blobs of straw in various hues. Its inventors intend that this shall entirely supersede the painted feather which was once so popular. We are always searching for original neckwear, and when found it is generally only a new way of arranging an old-shaped collar. The latest of these concerns the collar, which, no longer of stiff linen, is now being ornamented with scrolls of extra double thick crochet cotton. It really proves rather effective, more especially when allied to a dark dress or blouse.

NITA.

The Menu

Savoury dishes at the present time being so fashionable, and novelties in them so much inquired for, I am going to give, this week, some recipes for various dishes, which I think any cook will be able to manage with very little difficulty.

ANCHOVY CANAPÉS

Cut some slices of bread a quarter of an inch thick; cut these in pieces two-and-a-half inches long, and fry them in clarified butter till of a nice golden colour; when cold, spread these slices with anchovy butter. Steep some anchovies in cold water, drain, open, and trim them. Place four fillets of anchovies on each piece of bread, leaving three small spaces between the fillets; fill the first space with chopped hard-boiled white of egg, fill the middle space with chopped parsley, and the third with chopped hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through the sieve.

BLOATER ROES WITH OYSTERS

Cut some pieces of bread three inches long and one wide, half an inch deep, hollow out the centre, and fry quite crisp; fill with soft roes of bloaters, with three oysters on each, which must be sautéd in butter for a couple of minutes; add a squeeze of lemon, a sprinking of cayenne, and serve very hot. Fresh herring roes can be so used.

GRATIN OF LOBSTER

Cut a good-sized lobster in half, and pick out all the meat, which must be cut into small pieces. Put a piece of butter, the size of an egg into a saucepan with three shallots finely minced. Brown them lightly, then mix in a tablespoonful of flour, and when quite smooth add half a pint of milk. Simmer for five minutes. Put in the lobster, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and cayenne, and half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Stir over the fire, and when boiling, draw the saucepan back and add the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Fill the shell of the lobster with the mixture, sprinkle breadcrumbs over it, and pour on a little clarified butter. Put the shell in a hot oven for twenty minutes, dish on a napkin, and serve.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Take very thin slices of fat bacon, cut all the rind off. Then take an oyster (or two if very small), pour on it two drops of essence of anchovy, four of lemon and a pinch of cayenne, and roll it in the slice of bacon. When there are sufficient of these rolls, put them on a small skewer and fry them; when cooked, take each one separately and place on a fried croûton. This is a dish which must be served very hot.

DEVILLED SARDINES

Mix together four tablespoonfuls of cold stock, one of chutney paste, one of ketchup, two of made mustard, one of salt, and two of butter. Mix very smoothly, then put the sardines into it, and stew gently until thoroughly warmed. Soak some captain's biscuits in sweet oil or clarified butter. Then rub each side well over with the above mixture, and toast them on the gridiron over a clear fire. Then lift out each sardine separately, cut off the heads and tails, split open and bone; trim to fit a biscuit, lay one on each, and brown with a salamander or before the fire. Serve quickly and very hot.

SCALLOPED SCALLOPS

Wash the scallops well in two or three waters, trim away the beards, preserving the white, black, and orange-coloured parts. Mince the scallops finely, and mix with them a very little finely chopped parsley, a little pepper, salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Make a white sauce, cook it well, add the squeeze of a lemon; then throw the minced scallops into the sauce for a second, give one turn on the fire, and pour into the shells; add six drops of chilli vinegar, strew breadcrumbs over, and place on the top plenty of little pieces of butter, brown with the salamander, and serve very hot.

GRILLED MACKEREL BONES

Take the bones of a boiled mackerel, dust them with salt and cayenne pepper, and broil over a clear fire till crisp but not burnt. Serve with hot toast and butter. There must be as many bones as guests.

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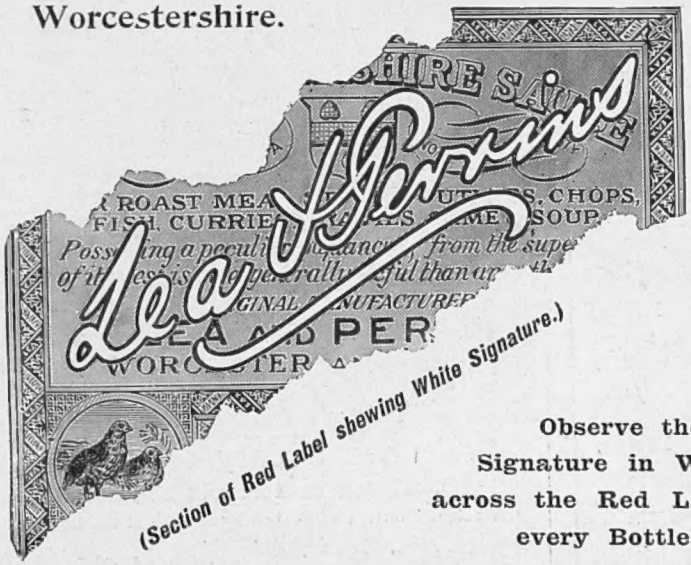

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Our Supplement

If recent bye-elections are at all indicative of the trend of public thought on the great questions which have brought the present Government into such disfavour, then it cannot be long before "C.-B." (whose caricature by Phil May we present this week) ceases to be the leader of the "Opposition," as such. At present he is the man of the moment, and on page 24 will be found a brilliant estimation of him under the title, "Concerning 'C.-B.'"

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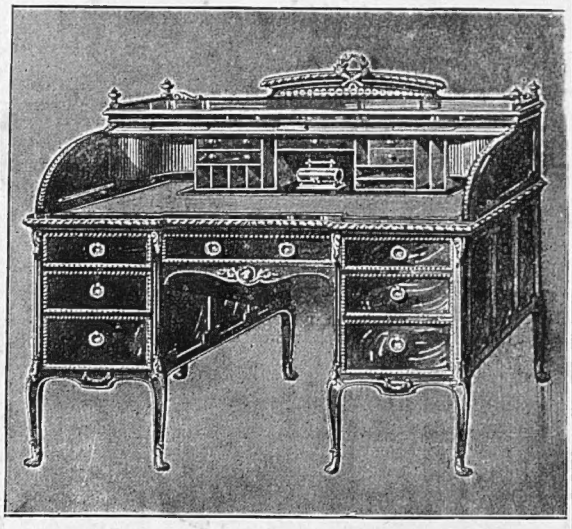

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